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The Week

[T was clear from the beginning that the second Painlevé government was only a makeshift and could not survive for long. It seems almost equally certain that the present Chamber of Deputies cannot give birth to a government which is capable of facing and overcoming the financial crisis. If so, the only alternatives would be either some other combination of the radicals and the socialists or a coalition government of national defence with Briand as its probable chief. The first of these alternatives would have no better chance of success than had the government which has just fallen. The second does not seem possible. The differences between the right and the left are too radical. There is apparently no parliamentary party in France or a combination of parliamentary parties which is capable of passing legislation drastic enough to revive French national credit. Neither does it look as if a dissolution and a new election would provide any way out. For the election would mean a deplorable and costly delay, and the new Chamber could hardly be an essential improvement on its predecessor. The French people will have to suffer the

ghastly results of a further decline in the franc before they will reconcile themselves to the sacrifices which their national financial liabilities impose on them.

A QUICK and considerable depreciation of the franc now seems inevitable. Further inflation is the only means which France is capable of adopting in order to distribute the costs of her national bankruptcy. The politicians and the bankers are both opposed to the honest repudiation which would be implied by reducing the interest on the national debt to 2 percent. The necessary repudiation will consequently take the form of allowing the franc to decline in value. How far the decline goes will depend, so it would appear, on its political consequences. At some moment in the downward career of the franc there will occur a political convulsion which may or may not produce a government strong enough to check the decline. If the salutary policy were obvious and simple such a government would, of course, appear quickly, but it is neither one nor the other. The salutary plan is not merely a matter of expert determination. As poor M. Painlevé complained, he called in all the experts, and they all differed. There is taking place underneath the political turmoil a conflict among the classes for a cheap escape. The question is which class is more adroit and capable of protecting its interests. It will not be the rentier, the farmer or the wage-earner. It will be the financier and industrialist.

THE American bankers who have floated Italian bonds to the amount of \$100,000,000 have sold to their fellow-countrymen doubtful security and have done to Italian people a sorry service. The prestige and the strength of the Mussolini government will be substantially increased as a result of this American credit and of the additional credits which will undoubtedly follow. In fact the money which the Italian dictator has borrowed and will borrow in this country may have an effect similar to the loan which the tottering government of the Russian Tsar was able in 1906 to negotiate in Paris and London. It will help to prolong the life of a thoroughly vicious political system and consequently it will inevitably incur the resentment of those Italians who long to overthrow the Fascist tyranny. There is

every indication that Mussolini, like other dictators, will have to exaggerate his abuse of power in order to safeguard its foundations. He will continually demand additional financial assistance which American bankers in order to maintain the price of the recent loan will have to supply. But in the end the Mussolini government will fall, and the fall will mean a costly convulsion in Italy. The present Italian government is a poor risk because it is revolutionary and some future Italian government may feel justified in repudiating its obligations. The American bankers should listen more attentively to the wise words of their leader. "When government is bad," Mr. Coolidge recently declared, "business is bad." But as from the American standpoint the Italian government is unmistakably bad, Italian business must be bad, and it must be bad business for good Americans to do business with them.

THROUGHOUT the whole incident of the Italian debt settlement, the American government and the American bankers have played Mussolini's game. They have allowed him to reap the credit of settling the Italian debt to America when as a matter of fact he has practically repudiated it, and after practical repudiation they have allowed him to borrow money in this country just as if he and his government had by their behavior really earned American confidence. As a matter of fact the present Italian government is for exclusively business reasons less deserving of American confidence now than at any previous moment in its career. During the early years of its supremacy its financial policy was comparatively sound. It accomplished a great deal in the direction of increasing the resources and diminishing the liabilities of the state. But recently its original impetus toward reform has been checked, and it has turned to the expedient of borrowing money in order to keep itself going. The funds which it has just raised in this country are the first evidence of this change in policy, and it will doubtless soon be asking for further loans which will be used for a similar purpose. His access to the American money market will be a bad thing for Mussolini himself. It will tempt him to pursue the primrose path of borrowing instead of saving in order to meet his liabilities.

BUSINESS in its true nature is service, providing the economic necessities of the world; government in its true nature is a policeman to keep people within the realm of true business and out of the realm of theft and extortion. Government should not go into business; business should not attempt to use government for private gain. Business and government should be independent but sympathetic. When an outburst of thievery and extortion some years ago forced the policeman to adopt strict regulations, the good had to be cramped in order that the wicked might be restrained. That, however, was a tem-

porary phase now happily passed; business has learned to discipline itself and the energies of the government have been released to help true business. As a result, waste is being rapidly eliminated, profits are high, wages have gone up and prices have gone down. We are all swimming in prosperity and have the fortunate opportunity to help the rest of the world. So President Coolidge to the New York Chamber of Commerce. Well, there is something in it; it is a cogent statement of the administration's sincere economic and political philosophy, appealing to good Rotarians. We should like, however, to see the questions that might have arisen from an audience of bituminous coal miners, occupants of crowded tenements, railroad track workers, underpaid federal employees would-be purchasers of anthracite, textile operatives—anyone you please whose immediate measure of welfare is not private profit. And we should like to see the address repeated when depression overtakes us again—as it surely will. How far from independent business and government now are indicated by the fact that Mr. Coolidge does not see anything which business men ignore.

A WORD as to the President's style. We do not know whether he wrote the speech to the New York Chamber of Commerce himself, but it would not be proper to assume the contrary. Among all the dreary collections of flat polysyllables, this speech ranks first. It sounds like a man talking in his sleep. And a thorough reading will put you in the same state . . .

While our system gives an opportunity for great benefit by encouraging detachment and breadth of vision which ought not to be sacrificed, it does not have the advantages which could be secured if each had a better conception of their mutual requirements.

And so on, through acres of mild vague repetition bubbles rising from emptiness.

BUT let his style speak for itself. It is a rare specimen of the Siamese twin style, than which no style more palpably reveals absence of real meaning. Here are some of the twins:

expenditure and depreciation	economy and productivity
economic and statistical	speculation and loss
economy and efficiency	quality and dimensions
significance and importance	economical and stable
envy or unfriendliness	barter and sale
irritation and ill will	clear and definite
efforts and accomplishments	narrow and selfish
civilizing and humanizing	trained and skilful
understanding and reason	political and economic
population and business	dissolution and anarchy
autocratic and uncontrolled	freedom and prosperity
extravagance and inefficiency	finance and banking
fossilization and autocracy	important and righteous
opportunities and benefits	opponent and enemy
supporting and financing	supporter and friend
disturbing and wasteful	unhampered and free

disagreeable and expensive	own and control
organization and management	order and security
economy and construction	persons and property
progress and prosperity	reform and repression

More than ever we believe the behaviorists when they say that language is a habit. And a bad one at that.

NOW that the first attempts to settle the anthracite strike have failed the bituminous controversy begins to assume an important place in the picture. A letter from Mr. Lewis of the miners calls the attention of the President to the well known fact that many union operators in the soft coal industry have violated the Jacksonville agreement, in the negotiation of which federal agencies took an important part, and are paying wage scales lower than those agreed upon. Will the government intervene to sustain the agreement? If it does not, can the miners be blamed for making "their own efforts in that direction?" This sounds like the preface to a soft coal strike. Such a strike was vaguely foreshadowed by Mr. Lewis last summer. Since then there has been an important change in the situation: the anthracite suspension, combined with industrial prosperity, has brought activity to the soft coal fields, and a bituminous strike would be more annoying to the operators and would have a greater chance of success. The crucial test for the miners remains, however, the possibility of organizing and calling out the workers in the non-union fields, chiefly in West Virginia. If that can be done, they can regain a position in the industry; if not, a strike might easily complete the collapse of the union in bituminous coal mining.

THE Customs conference at Peking has finally decided upon the full recognition of the Chinese demand for tariff autonomy, beginning January 1, 1929. Though China agrees to abolish the internal tax on goods in transport on the same date, the former action is unconditional. Sub-committees were appointed to deal with the rates and purposes of the surtaxes which China is permitted to collect before the full autonomy comes into effect. The decision of the conference will certainly strengthen the hand of China in the conference on extra-territoriality which meets on December 18. What will strengthen it still more is the extension of the truce between the rival military leaders. The campaign advertised for this autumn is apparently off. If this means that public opinion behind Dr. C. T. Wang is strong enough to control personal ambitions and allow China to present a united front to the powers the situation begins to take on a hopeful aspect.

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, in this issue of the New Republic, writes of one of the tasks confronting civilization—the abolition of leprosy. There

are two possible methods. One is segregation. If this could be accomplished leprosy would die out with one generation. But there are 2,000,000 lepers in the world, and no international action on the scale required is possible. The other method, that of cure, has lately become a possibility. Two American physicians, Dr. Heiser in the Philippines and Dr. Dean in Hawaii have lately achieved complete success in cases not too far advanced, with a treatment based on chaulmoogra oil. The United States has the largest leper colony in the world, at Culion in the Philippines in charge of Dr. H. W. Wade. To provide a fund for special research Governor-General Wood is asking the public for \$1,000,000. The sum is small in comparison with the accomplishment in sight—the freeing of the world from this historic scourge. Contributions should be sent to General Frank McIntyre, The War department, Washington.

SEVEN years after the end of the War, military training is still compulsory in many of our colleges. It consists mainly of old-fashioned parade drill that would be of most trifling value in an actual war. It is, however, generally defended on the ground that it stimulates patriotism and benefits the physical and moral character of the student. Few of those who know the actual conditions under which the drills are carried on can make such claims with a straight face. The real reason for the retention of this so-called military training is rather that college authorities habitually desire peace and do not like to be distracted by denunciations from loud-mouthed self-appointed censors of other people's patriotism, who used to find it rather easy to attain brief and cheap notoriety by denouncing others as pacifists, bolshevists, traitors, etc. But there are signs of returning sobriety; and it is encouraging to note the rather sympathetic accounts in the daily press of the efforts of the New York City College students to have military training in their institution made optional rather than compulsory. Almost all the New York daily papers reprinted the striking Armistice Day editorial of the City College Campus which pulverized the pretended moral value of military training by quoting the official military manual to the effect that the real object of military training is to win battles by stimulating the inherent desire to fight and kill and that the principles of fair play and consideration for your opponent have no place in it. The newspapers also reported without any note of horror the resulting overwhelming vote of the students against compulsory military training. The expected outburst of abusive epithets such as "cowards," "liars," "communists" and "potential traitors" from the mouth of the notorious Mr. Cuvillier and others made little impression. Whatever may be the future action of the City College authorities in respect to the request of the students, President Mezes certainly deserves the commendation of liberal Americans

for allowing his students entire freedom of discussion and the expression of opinion on a question on which they have had actual experience, and in which they primarily are interested.

The Impending Conflict

AN experienced observer of American politics recently remarked that, if an election to the presidency were to be held next month, Mr. Coolidge would be returned almost unopposed. There is some exaggeration in this observation, but it is essentially true. The effective opposition to Mr. Coolidge, to the Republican party and to what they jointly stand for is at present negligible. To the vast majority of Americans in their present self-satisfied state of mind Mr. Coolidge represents the solid achievements of their country, their bulwark against any radical change, their reasons for national satisfaction, their comforting assurance of a realized ideal. For them he has revived the era of good feeling which the America of 100 years ago enjoyed under the presidency of James Monroe. He is not, as his admirers seem to think, a great man, but he is assuredly the greatest common denominator of more different kinds of Americans and of the different elements in the American tradition than any preceding President.

Of course there is the usual parade of perfunctory and professional opposition. The most obvious stumbling block is the Democratic party with its one hundred and fifty southern electoral votes which would in the event of an election be cast against Mr. Coolidge. But their opposition would be the expression of inertia rather than of either positive or negative conviction. The members of the Democratic party, particularly those who live in the South, have no sincere quarrel with the present administration. Mr. Coolidge represents them satisfactorily. They like his combination of piety, thrift, platitude, unpretentiousness, shrewdness, personal complacency and national optimism. They are not in the least ruffled by a government without ideas except those which are forced upon it and without aspirations less than one hundred years old. If left to themselves, they also would set up a government by professional politicians in the interest of private business. The personnel would be different, but the outlook would be the same. The two wings of the Democratic party, the one represented by Al Smith and the other formerly represented by Bryan, are far more interested in fighting each other than in fighting Mr. Coolidge. They are both lying down and allowing the Coolidge hybrid program of public economy, subsidized private extravagance and all power to the plutocracy to roll irresistibly onward.

The radical opposition to the Coolidge administration is for different reasons as impotent as that of the Democrats. Many individual progressives

are still irreconcilably opposed to government by professional politicians in the interest of business, but their popular following has almost vanished. Their brand of progressivism is apparently as politically dead as Populism. It was born of an attempt to overthrow the combination between the plutocracy and the professional politicians by invoking the democratic idealism implicit in the American tradition. It proposed to convert the American people to the idea of placing the powers of their government at the service of an equalitarian social policy. It had for a while some success, partly because of gifted popular leaders such as Roosevelt and LaFollette and partly because of the prodigious publicity which was given by the magazines and newspapers to the scandals and abuses of the older Republican system. But this idealistic progressivism was as a matter of practical politics never more than a tour de force. It was the child not of a novel popular experience and activities which demanded expression but of the shock of a spectacular and ephemeral publicity and the scruples of an offended national conscience.

It could be wrecked by accidents. The quarrel between Roosevelt and LaFollette was fatal in 1912. The War came and with it obscurity, confusion, distraction and delusion descended on American domestic politics. It looked in 1922 as if there might be a revival of progressivism of a somewhat grimmer kind, based more specifically on economic grievances, but it fizzled out in the La Follette campaign of 1924. The late Senator sought to resurrect the war cries of 1908 and 1912. They did not work. Since 1912 the American people have become disillusioned. So much noble and extravagant patriotism was pumped into them during the War on behalf of a cause which never engaged their natural interests or aroused their imaginations that they could not reasonably be expected for some time to shed any more blood in idealistic adventures. They much preferred to keep calculating with Calvin. He looked like a good tepid man and a safe leader in a treacherous and troubled world.

But in politics an era of good feeling is usually a fugitive affair and is almost inevitably followed by a period of storm and stress. Are there any signs now of an impending conflict? We think there are. Not, however, from the immediate restoration to political importance of the economic issue. Eventually the Republicans will rue the day when they were tempted to wager the credit both of their party and of the institutions of their country on the survival of a precarious prosperity which has come and will go irrespective of their will and power, but that day is not yet. The conflict which now impends derives from a different source, and projects on the screen of American public life an issue which while it will have political consequences and is dependent on economic conditions is primarily a matter of differences in ideas and ways of life.

One hundred years ago the political truce was brought to an end by the appearance of an insurgent pioneer rural democracy which overthrew congressional and Virginian leadership in politics, which put an end to the financial hegemony of the National Bank and which proposed to keep the effective power in its own hands by a nation-wide party organization. It looks now as if a rising urban democracy would perform the same job for the present truce. During the last generation in all the large cities a new social group has been forming composed of the foreign-born and their immediate descendants. They possess in common certain outstanding characteristics which sharply distinguish them from the small-town native-born Protestant American who has given form to the prevailing American political convention. They are good-natured, easy-going, ambitious parvenues who are indifferent or hostile to many American traditions, but highly responsive to prevailing economic and cultural conditions. The growth and prosperity of the cities as compared to the country has created this new democracy and justifies it in seeking elbow room in the American political arena. But in so far as it asserts itself by forming a self-conscious, aggressive and successful political group it will meet with an embittered and prolonged resistance from its small-town indigenous enemies which will split the common people into two hostile camps.

The coming conflict between these cultures was foreshadowed many years ago by the Know-nothing agitation of 1850; but the slavery issue and the growth of the Republican party prevented the agitation from developing at that time. Rural America was still holding its own against urban America and the western states were absorbing a large part of the new immigration. But since 1890 rural America, in spite of the increase for a while in farm values, has been losing its visions, its hopes, its flexibility and vitality, while urban America has gained some part of that which the villages have lost. The country and small-town American of the Middle Period was a combination of somewhat stiff Protestant Puritanism and a hopeful, aggressive, generous good-fellowship. This combination no longer exists. The stiff Puritanism has remained, while the good-fellowship, the rough humor, the buoyancy, the liveliness and the live-and-let-live attitude have passed to the population of the cities. The younger, more progressive and more vigorous individuals have increasingly deserted the farm and the small town and left behind a remnant which is lacking in power of adjustment, in vitality and in imagination about other people. The Klan is recruited from this class. It is difficult to describe them candidly without using only harsh words, such as narrow, intolerant, small-minded and the like, but it is misleading to consider such a description sufficient. They are the victims of circumstances, and they possess certain moral qualities which their opponents lack. They have little left to live upon

except cherished traditions. They fear for the future of their own culture. It looks to them as if the polyglot new Americans of the cities who may be Papists or infidels or Jews were taking their America away from them.

They have reason to be afraid. The new democracy of which Al Smith is the present political leader does foreshadow an America curiously and radically different from their America. This urban hyphenated democracy is the expression probably of the most active social ferment in the America of today. It has had until recently very little impulse to get into national parties although it has dominated the local politics of many large cities. Its members were harnessed by personal allegiance to one or other of the party machines—usually to the Democratic. But of late years the anti-foreign agitation which the hundred percent Americans started after the War, the growth of the Klan and the attempt to enforce the 18th amendment has made them somewhat conscious of common interests and antagonisms and aroused in them an impulse for political self-assertion. Their first political enterprise was their opposition to McAdoo in the last Democratic convention. They were willing to wreck the Democratic party if the so-called Klan candidate were nominated. They succeeded in defeating Mr. McAdoo but by methods which impaired any chance which the Democrats may have had to beat Mr. Coolidge. Now they have taken the aggressive and propose, if possible, to nominate Al Smith for the presidency. The inevitable result will be one of the bitterest contests which have ever occurred in American national politics.

At present this impending conflict does not seem to involve Mr. Coolidge and the Republican party. It looks as if Big Business could sit comfortably on the side lines, watch the struggle between the two cultural factions of the American democracy and inoffensively continue to elect its own man President. Such may well be the result four years from now. Nevertheless a convulsion as subversive as the one hanging over the Democratic party cannot leave the Republican party unscathed. The opponents in the conflict will be the two largest and most conscious groups in American society. The small-town American is usually Democratic in the South and Republican in the North and West. The polyglot urban American is more likely to be Democratic, but whether nominally Democratic or not he often votes Republican in presidential elections. In 1920 and 1924 he contributed largely to the Republican victories. If these two classes become fighting mad, as they well may, it will be difficult for the Republican party to keep out of it. A conflict which splits the Democratic party, as the coming conflict threatens to do, could hardly fail finally to split the Republican party. Both Democratic factions would seek recruits or alliances among the Republicans and a new party alignment might be precipitated by the competition for Republican sympathy and sup-

port. National parties exist in part for the purpose of neutralizing conflicts of this kind and when they break through the obstacles their consequences are vast and incalculable.

These more remote results are, of course, a matter of speculation. What is not a matter of speculation is the advent in national politics of a new semi-conscious social group which is feeling around for some effective means of self-assertion. They cannot succeed without dislocating and outraging the small-town and rural American who has created the moral and cultural atmosphere which our national politics has breathed. What strength the new urban democracy can develop in national politics still remains to be proved. They have the advantage at present of a leader with rare personal and political gifts, but Al Smith stands alone and his leadership confers on them a political coherence and momentum which as yet they do not otherwise deserve. In municipal politics they have taken kindly to much inferior leaders such as Hylan, of New York, Thompson of Chicago or Curley of Boston. Ordinarily they are salted down by the politicians to be voted as needed by one party machine or the other, but they are capable of occasional flare-ups of independence. They rarely know their own minds. They mix credulity with scepticism; they are easily deceived yet profoundly suspicious; their loyalties are both sincere and fugitive; they are very self-assertive and at the same time quickly discouraged and not very self-confident. It is desirable that they should assert themselves in order to relieve the stagnation of American politics, but it is doubtful how far in the long run they will prove to be a leaven in the lump and how far only an alloy. Their handicap is that they have not yet rooted themselves in the land of their adoption, while their opponents have, of course, been established for a century. In the course of the impending conflict, either they will put deeper roots down or else their growth as a distinctive social group will be brought to an end.

Károlyi, Kellogg and Coolidge

IRRESPONSIBILITY is perhaps the chief characteristic of the Coolidge administration. The public accountability of the President which was implied in Roosevelt's outspokenness was respected even by Taft, Wilson, and Harding. These Presidents partly relied on publicity for their policies and partly responded to an active public curiosity about public affairs. Mr. Coolidge has systematically muffled the public mind and denied official responsibility in action. By calculated taciturnity and the irresponsible anonymity of the official White House spokesman, public apathy has been cultivated and questionable conduct screened. These basic vices for a democratic society have spread from the White House and infected the whole administra-

tion. A complacent press completes the mischief.

A striking illustration of the whole color of the Coolidge régime is furnished by the Károlyi incident. The granddaughter of Count Andrássy, one of the great European statesmen of the nineteenth century, herself a woman of distinction, is denied a visa on her passport for the United States, whither she seeks to come to visit friends. The American Consul at Paris refused in fact both a visa and any reason for withholding it. This arbitrary conduct is accentuated by the fact that the only surface cause appears to be the fact that the lady is the wife of Count Michael Károlyi, the first President of the Hungarian Republic, but now under the ban by the Horthy régime. Inquiry at the State department secures at first a vague claim that "the law" compelled refusal. "The White House spokesman," now known by every schoolboy to be Mr. Coolidge, but not speaking with his authority, echoes that "the law" hath said Countess Károlyi must be kept out. Fortunately, the American host of the Countess is a wealthy influential Republican politician whose friendship for the Countess is outraged. He is allowed to appear in the very presence of the Secretary of State to seek a reason for the exclusion. Face to face with simple questions Mr. Kellogg fumbles and falters and finally slips into the honest answer that the department is irritated by the performances of Count Károlyi after his recent visit to America. "The Countess is not the Count," Mr. Strassburger remonstrates, only to be advised by Mr. Kellogg's expert on European affairs that the Countess is really the more influential of the two. Surely feminists should rejoice.

American opinion has been only feeble and flickering against this crass outrage upon one of the most vital doctrines of political liberty. But the Kossuth tradition is strong with the Károlyis. And so the Countess has pressed her case through counsel who are pertinaciously asking questions. Insistent inquiry is the true remedy, for the practice of arbitrariness can only survive if sheltered by secrecy and silence. Mr. James F. Curtis, who was one of Mr. Taft's assistant secretaries of the Treasury, has at last elicited a statement of "the law" under which Secretary Kellogg is acting. "Your attention," writes W. R. Castle, Jr., for the Secretary of State, "is directed to the following laws on the subject:

"The Act of May 22, 1918 (40 Stat. L.Pt. I p. 559), as extended by the Act of March 2, 1921 (41 Stat. L.Pt. 1 p. 1217).

"The Act of October 16, 1918 (40 Stat. L.Pt. I, p. 1012), as amended by the Act of June 5, 1920 (41 Stat. L.Pt. I p. 1008).

"The department's action was taken pursuant to the duties imposed and the authority conferred by these laws."

Let us see. The two Acts now relied on by the department are accurately described by their titles. The Act of May 22, 1918, was "an act to prevent

in time of war departure from or entry into the United States contrary to the public safety." This Act was extended on March 2, 1921, at which time we were at least technically still at war with Germany in the sense that a treaty of peace had not formally terminated war. Will Mr. Coolidge step out of the anonymity of the White House spokesman and say in his own person that the denial of the visa to the Countess Károlyi was required or justified, "to prevent in time of war" entry by Countess Károlyi into the United States because it would be "contrary to the public safety?"

The Act of October 16, 1918, was "an act to exclude and expel from the United States aliens who are members of the anarchistic and similar classes." Again we invite President Coolidge to abandon his irresponsible anonymity and say on the responsibility of his office that the Countess Károlyi is a member of "the anarchistic" or "similar classes." The Act of June 5, 1920, greatly extended the prohibited classes of dangerous aliens. It is the most extreme legislation against opinion ever enacted by Congress. It makes the alien and sedition laws of 1797 seem like poor instruments of repression. "This statute," wrote John Lord O'Brien in 1920, "carries the doctrine of constructive knowledge and imputed guilt far beyond any view hitherto entertained by an American court or legislative body and presents a distinct anomaly in our jurisprudence." But, broad as the statute is, no candid mind acting on facts instead of on undisclosed prejudice can possibly bring the Countess Károlyi within its tentacles. Who are excluded?

(a) "Anarchists." Let President Coolidge or Secretary Kellogg say in downright English that Countess Károlyi is an anarchist.

(b) "Aliens . . . who are affiliated with any organization . . . that advises opposition to all organized government." Let President Coolidge or Secretary Kellogg charge Countess Károlyi with any such membership.

(c) "Aliens . . . who are members affiliated with any organization . . . that believes in . . . (1) the overthrow by force of the government of the United States or of all forms of law, or (2) the unlawful killing of any officer of the United States or of any other organized government, or (3) the unlawful damage of property, or (4) sabotage." Let President Coolidge or Secretary Kellogg charge Countess Károlyi explicitly with membership in any organization devoted to these purposes.

(d) "Aliens who write or knowingly have in their possession any printed matter advocating (1), (2), (3) or (4) just enumerated." Let President Coolidge or Mr. Kellogg charge Countess Károlyi with conduct violative of this provision if the facts warrant.

(e) "Aliens who are affiliated with any organization that prints or has in its possession any printed matter of the character described under subdivision (d)." Will President Coolidge or Mr. Kellogg name the offensive organization to which the Countess belongs?

No evidence implicating the Countess has been forthcoming, although her life has been raked fore and aft by the minions of espionage. Nothing has been vouchsafed by the President or the Secretary of State except their ipse dixits and their pious references to "law." But with us the law is still particular and defined and not merely the unregulated will of a Mussolini. Broad as is the Act of June 5, 1920, it looks in its ordinary course to enforcement through the immigration authorities. That gives assurances of an orderly procedure, before administrative authorities, summary though it be, with recourse to the courts to curb at least gross abuse of discretion and to assure some evidence for the ruling of the Immigration Officers. No such safeguards whatever restrict the arbitrary whim of the Secretary of State in granting or withholding visas. There is no way of haling him before the court. An alien at our gates can invoke habeas corpus. The Countess Károlyi in Paris is dependent exclusively upon the sensitiveness of American opinion to traditional standards of liberty.

President Coolidge in his recent Omaha address reaffirmed our professed allegiance to those historic safeguards which are enshrined in the bills of rights and those practices of tolerance which are deemed synonymous with American freedom. His utterance to the Legionnaires is worse than hollow so long as he continues to tolerate arbitrary conduct by his Secretary of State and so long as he sanctions it by his own anonymous approval. While Mr. Coolidge merely voiced the views expressed in his series of articles on the Reds in our women's colleges a Károlyi incident was consistent with his philosophy. But in the light of his Omaha speech, his failure to correct the Károlyi exclusion borders close on hypocrisy. The President's consistency is a matter for his own conscience. But tolerance of arbitrary conduct, such as that of Secretary Kellogg, sheltered behind a false claim of law, touches vitally the whole foundation of our political structure. We commend to his party associates the words of a distinguished Republican, Mr. John Lord O'Brien, in commenting on the Act of 1920, although Mr. O'Brien was not dealing with so outrageous a misuse of the Act as exemplified by the Károlyi case.

"Nothing so quickly undermined public confidence in government as the exercise of arbitrary power. Arrogance in a nation is as serious a moral defect as it is in an individual."

Houses for Prosperity

THE most significant event of recent weeks in the business world, said a discerning economist the other day, was the announcement of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company that it would for the present lend no more money on housing of the more expensive type. This means that shrewd lenders believe this sort of construction is being

over-built. But housing of the cheaper type, within the means of the half or two-thirds of the urban population receiving the lower incomes, has not been undertaken and cannot be undertaken by speculative builders, because there is no profit in it for them. The building boom of the last three or four years has therefore about run its course. Building construction is one of the greatest industries, employing many men and causing a large part of the demand for steel, lumber, brick, stone, concrete, plumbing and lighting fixtures, furniture, and dozens of other products of consequence. Its activity has been one of the chief props under our recent industrial prosperity. When it dies down, that prosperity may easily sink in the ever widening circles of a whirlpool of depression.

If that crisis comes, we shall have a striking illustration of the anomaly commented upon by virtually every observer of the business cycle—factories idle, men out of work, because there is not sufficient market for what they can make, and at the same time a real need for the products of those factories and men. The need cannot be translated into products because those who feel the need cannot afford to pay the price of the products. In this case, there will be idleness for those who can build homes, accompanied by a drastic shortage of homes for those who need them most.

The New York State Commission of Housing and Regional planning, in common with other disinterested students of the subject, has at numerous times pointed out the nature of this need and its causes. The need is not a temporary emergency; it existed for at least fifty years before the War. New housing has not, within the memory of a generation, been built for the lower income groups, who have had to be satisfied with overcrowding the cast-off dwellings of the rich. Restrictive legislation—whether pre-war tenement law or post-war rent law—has not provided it. You can build good houses much cheaper than existing market prices if you will plan intelligently, operate on a large scale, forego extravagant profits, and can secure enough credit at a low rate of interest. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the City Housing Corporation have demonstrated this. But there does not seem to be enough capital at low enough rates available from private sources to supply the need where it is most severe.

On this account there is a growing movement in favor of public credit, for the use of limited dividend companies, coöperative societies and municipalities who want to go into housing. Such credit could be obtained by a state bond issue. It could be administered by an expert commission, having due regard to standards of construction, city and regional planning, and the nature of organizations requesting it. It would not prove a burden on the tax payer, since the return from the housing borrowers could be sufficient to pay interest and amortization on the state bonds.

The demand for such a measure has so far come only from those with a social interest in providing adequate living places for the whole population. Their arguments are gathering force and are gaining ever wider acceptance. But they ought to be aided by everyone who has a selfish interest in the maintenance of business activity. If, at a time when building at the higher levels begins to fall off, the construction industry could be directed, through public employment of credit, toward putting up good cheap houses, the danger of a depression would certainly be much reduced. If the community could be aroused to try this piece of economic strategy, it would be displaying almost as much intelligence in waging peace as it did when it used precisely similar methods to insure adequate production of military supplies, in waging war.

In the case of New York state, to be sure, the use of public credit for housing would probably require the passage of a constitutional amendment, which could not be ratified inside of three years. By that time the threatened depression might have come and gone. But on the other hand it might not. And there will be other depressions. Meanwhile the agitation of the measure will be a standing challenge to private sources of capital and credit. Only sufficient action on their part will obviate the necessity of public credit for housing.

An' I Sez to Him—

IN a democracy (which does not exactly describe us—but let that pass) everybody has the right to take an amount of interest in himself which would not be tolerated in an autocracy or an aristocracy or a plutocracy or a preferred-stockcracy. The freedom of autobiography is an unwritten clause of the Constitution. The precise amount of interest in himself that the individual may publicly express has never been determined, but it is large. So large indeed that those who try to exercise the complementary right not to listen have never caught up. In the national race between boredom and autobiography, the latter is many laps ahead. Perhaps this is natural and healthy, perhaps it is a condition which should forever be continued, though privately we have our doubts.

Somewhere in heaven, or more likely in hell, there is a giant tabulator recording the use of the first personal, capital I. We are willing to bet that the U. S. A., per capita and per annum, is way out in front. Last year twenty-nine trillion I's were uttered in one county of California alone. Me's were a poor second, though this is accounted for by the fact that, owing to the peculiarities of our language, a great many I's were used where Me's should have been. "Still and all, between you and I . . ."

Still and all, we don't complain at this. The casual smoking-car autobiographer is a gold mine

for the columnist, the journalist, the novelist, and all amateur observers of human nature, ourselves included. Long may he live. May we and civilization perish that day when "An' I sez to him," "an' he sez to me," can no longer be overheard on every block of a city street. When these phrases fail to linger on every wisp of metropolitan, suburban, rural and desert air, we are headed for that slippery degeneration down which slid Rome, Nineveh, Babylon and Tyre.

Play at eavesdropping. Two voices come up behind you. "And do you know what I said? Well, I just said. . . ." Turn and look at them. Aha! Rosy, full-blooded, ambitious, salary-increase-receiving Americans. Now listen again. Two other voices come up, speaking listlessly of things impersonal to them, of economics, art, God, invention, history, the Swedish drama. Turn and look at them. Alas! Frail underpaid intellectuals, anæmic from disuse of I and Me. The twilight of Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon and Rome was peopled with such as they.

No, there is much to recommend vocal autobiography. Written autobiography, however, is more dangerous, and our disapproval begins to simmer. At autobiographical fiction it boils over completely. Many great things in that line have been written, to be sure, but they had other merits. At present the only distinctive mark of a great deal of our fiction is that it is autobiographical. This is not the result of a method—it is a fashion, a disease. Autobiographical mania is a well recognized form of mental derangement. Perhaps it is spreading. At all events its symptoms appear in print oftener than ever before. The bookstores are flooded with volumes by youngish people who think, quite erroneously, that because they are they, and fascinating to themselves, what has happened to them in the course of two dozen years will be fascinating to other people. Perhaps they have been told, not unwisely, to write about what they know, about what most interests them. But this advice they have construed to mean that they ought to dredge the shallow waters of their own past.

And the authors of life histories never seem aware that similar young people are writing identical books. The pattern seldom varies. The small town or the farm provide the setting, a sense of difference from other people in those surroundings the motive power, and the goal is the big city, the newspaper job, the little volume of poems published at last, or endless talk which boxes all the points of the compass of all the literatures of the world. The heroes and heroines are almost uniformly sensitive misfits squeezed out from humdrum life into a final backwater which differs from the small Iowa town only in being completely populated by other sensitive misfits. Back home they were too shy or considered too queer to indulge in the normal output of autobiography. In novel form they have their revenge.

The cause of this phenomenon is not far away. In the last decade or two, America's growing pains have reached her mind. Suddenly we have become self-conscious. We have begun to stand before the mirror, and a good deal that we see there makes us unhappy. When this state of self-consciousness infects a nation, naturally it infects individuals as well. So of course the individuals also stand before the mirror and tell us what they see. The easiest way to capture our attention is to translate this reflection into a novel, and the technique of the novel has never been defined.

If only some of the other boys and girls who stayed behind, mentally at any rate, and became cashiers and cashiers' wives would write about themselves. We are all for the sensitive misfits, but we may turn against them if they continue to excavate their own souls. We crave, for the time being, the antidote of success stories. In realistic autobiographical style—not that of the American Magazine, please. Stories from the young man who canned his first pint of lima beans at the age of eleven, who had a passion for canning and indulged it in secret woodsheds far from the ironic gaze and misunderstanding of his contemporaries. Where other autobiographers in fiction wrote bad poetry at midnight, this hero practiced soldering lids of all kinds and shapes until he felt himself ready to go forth and conquer the canning world. Of course he succeeded, and is now paying a large surtax. But the story of his early struggles and often defeated ambition is quite as interesting as that of the sensitive sonneteer.

Somewhere lies buried the counterpart of all the Carol Kennicotts, all the young ladies who left Podunk for Greenwich Village. Somewhere there is a girl who operated a taxi stand at sixteen and later became mayor of a city of five thousand. Such people, unfortunately, don't write. They are too busy, and having too good a time. There is much truth in the cynical saying that a sense of being a misfit, of not having a good time is in itself the first step toward a literary career. Difference from other people seems to predestine one to write about oneself.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Upward and Onward

AMONG the other securities offered for trading and sale on the stock exchanges of the Republic are the common and preferred issues of certain great holding companies whose subsidiaries are not operating industrial companies, but public utility companies furnishing electricity, gas and water to the several local communities which they serve. Almost without exception these subsidiary corporations are under public regulation covering the rates which they shall charge for their output. Furthermore the New York Journal of Commerce, in a recent special article, notes the tremendous increase in public utility security issues—connoting in turn a very great expansion in physical plant and service rendered. The par value of electric utility securities issued in 1919 was \$276,000,000; in 1924, new securities totalled \$1,094,000,000—a four-fold increase.

Despite this flood, stock exchange quotations for the stocks of the holding companies have moved consistently upward. They have followed the speculative market of plain and garden industrials. A month or two ago, I received a letter from A. W. H. Munford, brokers, of 61 Broadway, which read as follows: "We desire to call your attention to the possibilities for a long-term speculative investment of the following Public Utility Stocks—American Power and Light Company, Common; Electric Power and Light Corporation, Common; Electric Investors, Inc., Common." Note the word "speculative." "High" quotations for certain representative holding companies during the past five years are summarized in the subjoined table for ten of the major holding companies.

The trend is almost steadily upward for the bulk of the companies, with 1925 reaching undreamed of heights. Utilities are on the march upward. Investors are ready to pay increasing amounts per share, and it would seem that speculators can get about as much exercise in this field as in the unregulated industrials. Margins of 100 points and more within a year's time are fairly common.

This is frankly a puzzling phenomenon. Under our system of law, public utilities are supposed to be on a different basis from ordinary profit-making

concerns. The latter are permitted by the government to make as much profit as they can by charging whatever price the consumer will tolerate. There is no limit to the dividends they may declare, or to the profits which may be reinvested in surplus account. But public utilities under the rule of governmental rate-making bodies are not permitted to experiment for that elusive equilibrium of "all the traffic will bear." Their rates are supposed to be regulated so as to furnish in the long run not more than a "reasonable return" upon the property investment. To be sure no living man has yet defined in accurate terms what a reasonable return means, but the phrase, and the behavior which flows from it, still have force in not permitting the licensee to get away with murder, as the saying goes. If the actual cost of the investment is determined, and a fixed rate of earnings—say 8 percent—allowed thereon, financial homicide on the community is estopped, certainly until such time as the learned lawyers, accountants, engineers and appraisers can, with unheard of statistical, logical, and technical acumen, get a crowbar under the afore-said out-of-pocket cost and elevate it to the more seemly heights of "reproduction," "reduplication" and "going value." (For the first time in public service history, the master in the Consolidated Gas case has allowed 9 million dollars for "organization expenses" as a capital cost, and thus brought the \$1.25 gas rate a leap nearer.)

But utilities are supposed to be regulated; and their earnings are supposed to be relatively fixed. Other things being equal, quotations for their stocks would be expected to follow a fairly pedestrian course. Six percent or 8 percent is after all only 6 percent or 8 percent. Why then the upward trend, the rosy headlines, the glowing future? As a consumer of electric light, power, gas and telephone service, I do not quite fathom it—though doubtless it would be clearer if I owned a few blocks of shares in the respective enterprises.

Perhaps it is all psychological. Business is booming generally and utilities may be booming sympathetically—with no particular warrant on their balance sheets. An examination of a few typical hold-

PUBLIC UTILITY HOLDING COMPANIES "HIGH" STOCK QUOTATIONS.

- a. After allowing for exchange of 5 shares of new stock for 1 share of old stock. November 1924.
 b. After allowing for 5 for 1 exchange. April 1925.
 c. After allowing for reduction of par value from \$100 to \$10.
 d. After allowing for exchange of one old share \$100 par value for three new shares of no par value.

Year	Amer. Gas Co.	Am. Light & Traction Co.	Am. Water Works & Electric Co.	Cities Service Co.	Middle West Utilities Co.	North American Co.	Public Service Co. of N. Illinois	Standard Gas & Electric Co.	Columbia Gas & Electric Co.	Western Power Corp.
1921	49	112	6	259	24	46	82	17	68	30
1922	84	150	33	242	54	106	108	21	114	42
1923	85	139	45	195	53	242(c)	104	32	114	30
1924	140	140	144	190	92	450(c)	112	50	144(d)	45
1925	79	249	260(a)	190(b)	112	687(c)	126	59	249(d)	86

ing company profit and loss accounts discloses the error of this assumption:

PUBLIC UTILITY HOLDING COMPANIES

<i>Net Income in Thousands of Dollars</i>	1921	1922	1923	1924
American Gas Co.....	497	997	1,154	1,264
American Light & Traction....	3,511	4,053	3,909	4,647
American Power & Light Co..	1,003	1,633	3,085	3,791
Cities Service Co.....	11,798	13,099	14,984	17,540
Columbia Gas & Electric Co..	3,455	4,234	5,556	6,707
Middle West Utilities Co.....	1,506	1,990	2,743	3,927
North American Co.....	3,471	6,094	9,385	10,583
Public Service Co. No. Ill....	1,580	1,835	2,434	3,206
Standard Gas & Electric Co....	2,071	2,461	3,338	4,560
United Light and Power Co...	8,956	10,687	12,458	13,629
Western Power Corp.....	1,844	1,722	1,480	1,340
Totals—11 Companies.....	39,692	48,805	60,526	71,194

The net income of these eleven holding companies combined—and they all sell electricity—has gone from \$39,000,000 in 1921 to \$71,000,000 in 1924 by means of a steady progression of about 10 millions a year. A study of cash dividends paid reveals substantially the same relative increase. And to prove to themselves and to stockholders that there is no end to this joyous journey, stock dividends and expanded issues of no par value stock have been breaking out like a rash in company after company. The American Water Works Company has given 5 shares of new stock for 1 share of old. So has the Cities Service Company. The Western Power Corporation has declared a 50 percent stock dividend; the American Gas Company a 10 percent; the American Light and Traction has given 1 percent quarterly in stock for years; the American Water Works and Electric recently declared a 5 percent stock dividend; the Columbia Gas and Electric has given three new shares of no par value for one share of old \$100 par. The North American Company has cut a melon here and there—7½ percent in 1923. And so on. The skyrocketing of market quotations is thus founded on something more tangible than sympathetic optimism. It is founded on greater net earnings, larger distribution in the form of dividends, appetizing stock dividends, substantial increments in surplus accounts. There is a bull market for the securities of utility holding companies, because more and more money is being made by the underlying companies, on the basis of duly regulated rates.

From private unregulated monopolies, we should expect greater profits in recent years for at least two reasons: the decline in price levels covering the cost of materials and supplies used by utility companies; the increase in technical efficiency which has resulted in lower operating costs per unit of service rendered. During the War, prices rose rapidly and the operating expenses of public utilities went up with them. Whereupon the utilities rent the air with cries of pain and anguish, demanding from regulating authorities an upward revision of rates. Their demands were met in most cases, as in justice they should have been. A good many of them, however,

were met on the basis of the peak price levels of 1920. Subsequently prices for supplies and materials fell, and utility expenses fell also. With rates to the consumer on 1920 levels, and operating costs falling, a growing margin of net income was bound to emerge. To quote the Journal of Commerce: "The basis on which this expansion has proceeded is partly because of advances in rates of charges which were obtained immediately after the War while prices were still very high. Prices have since then dropped but rates of charge have continued to maintain themselves."

Furthermore the technical arts of manufacturing and distributing gas, water, and particularly electricity are not standing still. Better and cheaper methods are constantly being devised. With the coming of super-power, the possibilities of reducing cost per unit of current furnished are literally unlimited. Ontario with its giant power zone furnishes a kilowatt of energy at about one quarter the cost charged by independent private companies. Water power is being increasingly utilized.

It looks as though it were almost time for the consumer to vent a few yells himself; certainly he should be shown why current rates must be maintained in the face of falling costs, accelerating profits, succulent melons and Himalayan quotations for utility securities. And the matter is important not merely on account of current rates charged the consumer but because the public utility holding companies are active propagandists against the extension of public ownership, especially in the field of super-power. They are using and will use their great profits to reach out for the control of the strategic power sources of the nation—as the Alabama Power Company is reaching out for Muscle Shoals. They have Niagara pretty well hogtied already. In the 1922 water power fight in California, a total of \$501,605.68 was contributed by six power companies to block the passage of state control of water power—the Pacific Gas and Electric Company donating \$133,933.80 to the war chest. These sums were admitted before the Jones Legislative Investigating Committee. Control of a giant power system would create the most formidable private monopoly ever dreamed of, even in a land where formidable private monopolies have long grown lush and rank.

As a consumer and an accountant I am quite willing to admit that a rate fixed today on an 8 percent basis does not necessarily mean 8 percent when the books are closed at the end of the year. It may mean six or it may mean ten. But the point is, that if it means six (a real six devoid of astute re-appraisals) service rates in justice to the company should be raised, and if it means ten, rates, in justice to the consumer, should be lowered. If the headlines and the market quotations and the profit and loss accounts are to be trusted, it has been meaning ten and more for an unconscionably long time.

STUART CHASE.

Civilization and Population

EVER since Malthus broke the taboo on the study of population the subject has been beset by alarmists and pessimists. From the time of Malthus to that of Huxley the menace was overpopulation. The world was faced with the sheer dilemma of human instinct and outer necessity, the instinct to be fruitful and multiply, and the necessity imposed by the limitations of the food supply. The obscure but formidable Law of Diminishing Returns baffled continually the imperious urgency of sex. The voice of prudence was too weak and thin to hold men back from the destructive impact, whose chief manifestations were famine, war, and disease. Civilization, the striving of mankind towards comfort and "progress," was frustrated at every step by the clash of these mightier forces.

Nor was the menace merely a nightmare. There were real facts behind it. Mankind has a potentiality of reproduction whose limit, say sixty new births per thousand of the population per annum, is set far above the provision which nature yields to human effort. The law of diminishing returns, bereft of capitals, remains valid. The cultivable earth is nearly all meted out, and intensive agriculture has in every period its quite perceptible limits. The history of the world afforded to Malthus and his successors abundant illustrations of their theme. Migration and conquest, massacre and enslavement, revealed the desperate struggle of social groups to escape the relentless pressure of population. Infanticide, abortion, and various dark customs that still prevail on the earth were other epimethean methods of relief. The retrospect gave strong support to the pessimists of population.

Yet the menace has passed or is passing. Certain writers—one may cite as an instance Professor East in his recently published work on Mankind at the Crossroads—still use the old Malthusian language, and prophetically picture the fast approaching date at which the earth can no longer support any net increase of population. Nevertheless for all civilized peoples this particular dread has lost its reality. Calculations in terms of possibilities of subsistence and potentialities of reproduction are no longer worth making. Under conditions of civilization there is no such thing as a level of mere subsistence. What all strive for, even the poorest, is not living but a way of living. The standard of living is controlling, for all classes according to its degree, the reproductive instinct which, to the same extent, has become differentiated from the sex instinct. The control is the more powerful the further a class or a people is removed above the unknown level of subsistence. Not the thin virtue of prudence, but the strong urge of a whole mode of life, has intervened. It has interposed, between civilized man and the terror of Malthus, a barrier exactly as high as the height of his civilization.

No sooner was this menace lifted than the pessimist discovered fresh alarms in the very methods which removed it. Civilization, interpreted in terms of a standard of living, has meant a falling birth rate and a falling death rate, a retardation of marriage and, though not so noticeably, a lessened frequency of marriage. This holds true both for peoples and for social classes. The alarmists thereupon discovered that civilization was committing suicide and shuddered for the fate of France as the pioneer on the downward road. But the experience of other low-birth-rate countries, such as Sweden, Holland and England, shows that a considerable "natural increase" can be maintained with a falling birth rate and a falling death rate, an achievement which means a vast conservation of human energy, health, and happiness. The case for the pessimist was more obvious when he turned from peoples to classes. Not race suicide but race deterioration is here the cry, in which writers of all degrees of distinction, from Karl Pearson down to Lothrop Stoddard, have joined. The charge is that the more prosperous classes are making a dwindling contribution to the total population, that in fact there is an inverse relation between quantity and quality in respect of effective fertility, that therefore the population as a whole is undergoing a progressive and prejudicial change of composition, being recruited in proportions disparate to their numbers from the less advanced, less educated, less skilled, and less successful elements.

So profound a contradiction of the doctrine of survival through fitness deserves the most careful scrutiny. Hitherto we have been embarrassed by the lack of accurate statistics. The English Report on the Fertility of Marriage, based on the 1911 Census but only published last year, for the first time makes possible a real comparison of social classes. The following table has been compiled from evidence provided by this Report. It has certain minor statistical defects, but may be taken as giving us a very near approximation to the true comparison of social classes, so far as effective fertility is concerned. One of the classes enumerated in the Report, intermediate between the upper and middle classes and the skilled workmen, is omitted because of inadequate data.

EFFECTIVE FERTILITY OF SOCIAL CLASSES

Social Class	Number of males enumerated in Census report	Total children surviving at Census date, born to couples included within the class	Effective fertility ratio
I. Upper and middle classes	1,305,580	1,253,643	.96
II. Skilled workmen	2,664,169	3,977,351	1.49
III. Intermediate	2,018,427	2,851,233	1.41
IV. Unskilled workmen	1,831,778	2,763,322	1.51
V. Textile workers	440,848	501,059	1.13
VI. Miners	900,317	1,466,000	1.63
VII. Agricultural workers	617,784	905,278	1.47

It would appear that in England, at the date of the 1911 Census, there was truth in the charge that the population was least recruited in proportion to their numbers from the professional and well-to-do classes, but that the counterpart of the charge was much less true, viz., that the population was most recruited from the least successful and socially lowest elements. It is noteworthy that the very large class of skilled workmen fully held their own as parents of the rising generation. But the position of Class I, comprising the professions as well as "capitalists, enterprisers, managers," was disquieting. If the condition shown were a permanent one, it would certainly go some way to justify those who maintain that civilization itself is dysgenic, that the social and the biological factors are at war, even that the fulfilment of the individual or the group is, as Spencer foreboded, achieved at the expense of the race.

Before we yield to these alarms let us be quite clear on certain points. In the first place, there can be no question that the general decline in the birth rate as well as the differential decline for the various social classes is due to voluntary restriction. Anyone who still doubts it will find a thousand evidences in the Report we have cited. If English cotton-spinners are far less fertile than English miners we find the explanation in their mode of life, involving as it does the extensive employment of married women in factories. If domestic chauffeurs are less fertile than taxi-drivers, a like explanation is near at hand. Throughout the whole list of occupations and professions it is remarkable how directly effective fertility responds to conditions arising out of the mode of life. Thus actors have the lowest fertility among the professions and clergymen the highest, though even the latter rank in this respect very far below the classes of manual workers. In passing, it is not without interest that clergymen of the Church of England exhibit a greater retardation of marriage and a lower fertility after marriage than do clergymen of other denominations, while the latter in turn are less fertile than "scripture readers, itinerant preachers, mission workers." Those who still believe that the falling birth rate is due to a failure of natural fecundity must exercise vast ingenuity to explain such variations.

In the second place, as we have pointed out, the concomitant decline in the two vital rates is part of the process by which civilization protects itself against forces which would undermine it. It is not suicide but self-defence. It is likewise a significant fact that the alternative control, the dismal checks of war, famine, and disease, do not under conditions of civilization relieve, but rather intensify, the pressure of population. These evils aggravate the economic stress of the peoples they visit. Modern warfare leaves in its wake more unemployment and a lower standard of living. The alternative control is therefore no longer an alternative. Civiliza-

tion admits of no real control from without, through the death rate; it must, if it is to live and flourish, be controlled from within, through the birth rate.

In the third place, it appears that differences of nationality or race or religion or climatic or geographical condition have a less direct significance than differences in the mode and standard of life. The latter may occur rapidly while the former are wholly or relatively unaffected, and they seem to be immediately translated into terms of fertility. The recent fall in the birth rate of the Catholic countries of Europe, Austria, Hungary, and Italy, is a good illustration. The general decline of birth rate and death rate in all civilized countries shows that we are in the sweep of a movement which is as broad and deep as the current of civilization. And the fact that for the latest periods the range of variation in fertility is greater for intranational groups or classes than for nations as wholes indicates, what indeed we might infer from many other evidences, that nations are more assimilated within a common civilization than are the groups of which they are composed.

If we bear these facts in mind we can save ourselves from the conclusions of our alarmists. Like all great social movements this change in fertility reveals itself first and most at the salient points, in the groups most responsive to civilizational influences, and thence permeates the rest of society. This truth must always be remembered when we seek to interpret recent changes which in their first onset widen the differentiation of social classes. The tendency of civilization is to assimilate and not to dissociate further the respective modes of life of the various social classes. May it not be that the contrary tendency which the study of fertility reveals is due to the fact that the whole process is only in its initial stages?

There are numerous indications which point in this direction. The English Report shows a remarkable continuity in the decline, since the late seventies, of both birth rate and death rate for all classes, and also a progressive retardation of the age at marriage. There is, of course, a limit to the fall, set in the nature of things, and as it is approached it seems reasonable to expect that the classes which have yielded more slowly to these influences will continue to reveal their operation for a longer period. A like phenomenon has occurred in the case of nations. While the countries of relatively higher fertility have exhibited a more continuous decline, France, in particular, seems to have approached its limit, so that its birth rate approximates much more nearly than before to that of other civilized countries. The psychological and "sympathetic" nature of the process is revealed by the interesting fact that "the birthplace of the husband has much more influence upon the size of the family than that of the wife." When, for example, rural-born husbands marry in London London-born

wives their families approximate to the rural type, but when rural-born wives marry in London London-born husbands their families are smaller, approaching the city type. A similar phenomenon occurs in marriages where husband and wife are of different nationalities. The English husband is more determinative than the Russian wife, and the Russian husband than the English wife. We wish the United States Census authorities would provide us with American figures on this subject. They should certainly be of great significance for a country of immigration.

Influences that bear on custom and mode of life radiate through the community from the classes which stand higher in prestige and wealth. Moreover in this case there are no economic barriers which prevent the other ranks of society from following the lead. In times of compulsory education and some degree of prohibition of child labor the economic persuasion is towards the restriction of fertility for the poorer classes. One further consideration of importance should be added. Birth rate and death rate undoubtedly react on one another, but there is a distinction to be made. The fall of the birth rate depends on a cultural condition, the fall of the death rate depends on the application of science which arises within but extends beyond the cultural condition. In other words the fall in the birth rate is primarily a matter of psychology, whereas the fall in the death rate is a matter of hygiene and sanitation. Now preventive medicine is socialized medicine, and its development affects at once, even if not equally, the whole of society. For this reason a fall in the death rate, particularly in child mortality, is likely to precede, in the less educated ranks of society, a fall in the birth rate and so to increase their comparative advantage over other classes. But this most desirable conservation of child life may prepare the way for the reception of the influences which make for birth control. Again we may appeal to the case of countries, where, as in England, the death rate had been falling somewhat before the decline of the birth rate became manifest. In this as in other respects the external conditions of civilization were being prepared before the new psychology took possession.

We conclude that if the trend continues it is not unlikely to reduce the class disparities which at first it accentuates. This at least is the hope which we are justified in setting against the fear which the present disparity has inspired. It bids us rely upon, and asks us to encourage, the diffusion of education, and perhaps in the first place of that elementary knowledge which our legislators have even been in the habit of suppressing. The situation in this regard is far worse in America than in Europe. It is not realized by our Solons, or by certain agencies professing to exist for the furtherance of social welfare which instigate them to further repression, that

they are in fact endeavoring to prevent the poor and the uneducated from following the example of the well-to-do, and thus seeking to confirm that very disparity between the classes which is not merely anti-democratic but anti-social. Were it to continue it would be ominous for the future of civilized man. But political barriers, though they may impede, can certainly not control a process which is inwrought in the very being of modern civilization.

R. M. MACIVER.

A Plea for More and Better Jewelry

ACCORDING to the newspaper headlines Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-or-other were returning home from an after-theatre party when a highwayman confronted them and relieved the lady of jewelry valued at \$10,000—or perhaps it was \$100,000, I am not certain. Anyway the police were summoned. And that struck me as amusing. In such cases it always does. Everyone, I surmise, has his pet insanity and mine happens to be that I do not understand why the police should protect jewelry. By what process of reasoning, I wonder, does the human race classify jewelry as property. If it has any useful function I have never heard of it. On the contrary it has always seemed to me that the primary purpose of jewelry is to excite cupidity; as though the possessor of it would say: "Look you, sirs, I have here certain little glittering baubles which you might grab and carry off in a thimble if you were able first to overcome my opposition. They would fetch in the market some thousands of dollars. I am already fed and clothed and housed, otherwise I could not afford to disport myself adorned with these indigestible trinkets, so the challenge I offer is a jolly sporting proposition. I am in robust health and I don't believe that you can take these things away from me. But if you succeed, I shall not starve. First come, first served."

If it is worn in that spirit, I can understand jewelry quite clearly; more especially when the man in the case drapes it over the lady of his choice. A healthy male has no great objection to fighting, with or without cause, and if he can stir up a fight in which he is absolutely assured in advance of the rôle of champion and defender of his lady the enterprise can scarcely fail to yield profit and pleasure no matter whether he emerges victorious or defeated. But to go swaggering about with jewelry that one is not prepared to defend, and then to yell for the police when attacked, strikes me as ridiculous. No less so, indeed, than if Jack Dempsey were to complain tearfully that Harry Wills had taken his boxing gloves away from him.

If jewelry were denied the status of property, as

I think should be done, then special provision would have to be made for owners of it who had passed beyond the prime age for fighting. Briefly they ought to be allowed to employ their own retainers of guards, gunmen and retainers. This arrangement, I believe, would give the owners of jewelry great pleasure. The purpose of the stuff must be display since it has no practical value, yet many persons, like myself, cannot tell paste from pearls, and scarcely notice either, which is not entirely fair to the owners. But if jewels were usually accompanied by eight or ten men of the size and build of New York traffic cops, attired preferably in scarlet and green livery, I should rarely fail to observe that a very wealthy man (or his lady) was passing in my vicinity. In all probability I should turn to gaze upon him and the realization of his power could scarcely be avoided. Frankly I should enjoy such spectacles and I believe there are plenty of men eager to provide them.

My objection is not to the jewelry itself but to its classification with groceries and real estate, which seems to me unreasonable. I might even go so far as to allow the police to protect jewelry shops since the proprietors are business men supplying merchandise that is obviously in wide demand, but the man who constitutes himself a carrier of this stuff upon the highways ought to do so at his own risk because he cannot possibly prove that the loss of it does him any real damage. And if it doesn't damage him consider how much less it damages me; yet I have to pay my part of the cost of his vanity.

In the arrangement I suggest as a remedy for the present illogical state of affairs I am mindful also of the interests of two other groups of citizens inevitably thought of whenever jewelry is considered. These are women and bandits. It is no great compliment to a woman to load her with jewelry and then escort her out into the dangers of night in a city without being able to protect her. If she must depend upon the police for protection she could have that without an escort; and most gallantly, too, especially if the force comprised the usual percentage of handsome young Irishmen. The protection of her escort is the primary compliment; the jewelry is merely to enhance the danger and hence the thrill. Since most women like to be fought over what a disappointment it must be when the man fails to fight. On the other hand, where is the woman who would not take delight in being guarded by a swaggering troop in livery, commanded by her husband or lover? Aside from this appeal to their essentially healthy barbarism jewelry has very little meaning to women. When carting it about in handbags and satchels they usually walk off and leave it in the taxicab—or, at least, so I judge from reading the newspapers. They quite sensibly fail to appreciate it as mere property. Some way, it seems to me, ought to be provided to give them more pleasure in view of the investment.

And now let us consider the bandits, who also have an interest, since jewelry is traditional loot. We must consider this phase of the subject on the broad grounds of sound public policy which requires, first of all, that we admit the value of bandits. If a country has too many bandits and they are too monotonously successful in their operations it constitutes a national scandal (a condition which obtains at present) but we must not lose sight of the fact that if a country has no bandits there is something dismally wrong. Death lies that way. As long as young men will rise from warm beds at midnight and dash through the winter frost in high-powered stolen automobiles in order to commit highway robbery there is health in that country. So, in a way, bandits are essential. Now, I ask in all seriousness, whether it is fair to these enterprising young men who flaunt before an astounded world the gonfalon of a nation's virility, for their opponents in nearly every encounter to surrender before a shot is fired or a drop of blood spilled. What will be the future of our national banditry if its young recruits are subjected year after year to the quavery falsetto voices of trembling fat men piping weakly for the police? It is enough to make lyric tenors of the whole craft and plunge the country downward to premature decadence. These young men are entitled to an occasional fight. That, primarily, is what they want; that and jewels to drape over young women whom they are amply capable of protecting. Society owes a duty to these young men; they want battle; they earn it, and they are entitled to it. They fight for glory, as they understand glory. They are, of course, primitive creatures whose idea of glory is not very lofty but then it ought to be understandable enough to the lovers of jewelry whose ideas of chivalry and fame are also more or less primitive. But these are none the less essentially healthy groups of citizens and I am in favor of their being permitted to fight it out. Patrolmen and citizens who are not interested in jewelry should not arbitrarily intervene.

I do not believe that I have, in twenty years, read one thousand words about jewelry unless it was stolen or lost. I am not certain that there is anything else in print on the subject. Off hand this seems improbable, but how many scholarly volumes on the subject of jewelry have you read? Until the gems are stolen or fought over they seem to be singularly uninteresting. Whether such volumes exist or not I still maintain that the primary purpose of jewelry is wholesome, vain, barbaric, healthy display and romantic challenge to combat. To its use for such purposes I have no objection whatever. On the contrary I not only applaud but insist that frank recognition of the facts would lead to vastly increased enjoyment for all concerned. Indeed, it seems to me that my plan would even stimulate sales and might sensibly be advocated by the jewelers' national organizations.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

A Page of Sonnets

Mill Accident

Bright burns the pain against his breast and throat;
Deep, open wells of flame close out the light;
The wide, slow spirals of enclosing night
Circle and circle inward. Like a boat,
Urged by the eddies of its aimless float,
He drifts between the crimson barbs of fright,
Stabbed now with terror, now with strange delight;
Urged and repelled by one clear mystic note.

The shadow-line grows thinner . . . He can see
The glory of his comrades bending near.
He sees the boss, unhidden by his sneer.
An instant sees Perfection . . . Beauty free . . .
And then the Light! The long, long freedom won . . .
He hears his comrades murmur, "Hell! He's done."

KATHRYN PECK.

Reconnaissance

She stands among them like a patron saint,
Stricken and white and taciturn—Lot's wife,
Her flight from Sodom but a woman's feint
Even as their contemptuousness of Life.
The flames have eaten of the flesh that sinned,
Nothing is left there to compel disgust;
And yet their thoughts go crying down the wind,
And yet their foreheads are still marked with dust.

What if these firm foundations were to rock,
A door to open and swing shut again,
Would we find freedom on the road they took?—
Poor shadows fingering endlessly the lock
That clicked behind them in the tired brain,
Whose only Heaven is a backward look.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Hommage à Mendelssohn

Play me the languishing *Prelude in A flat*;
And muse, while sentiment pervades the strings,
Of Love's macassar-oiled Magnificat
Wafting the world on Mendelssohnian wings.

Scorn not mild mid-Victorian hearts unloaded
Of universal yearnings; thus they sighed. . .
Think, too, how we ourselves may be outmoded—
Shorn of our psycho-analytic pride.

Those sinking chords can charm us and assuage
With amiable concinnity of style;
So let us welcome them for what they're worth.
(Still gazing steadfast toward that epic age
When boudoir beauty shall no more beguile
And sentiment is elbowed off the earth).

SIEGFRIED SASOON.

Tapestry

The night is paved with purple. Winds have torn
The arras of the sunset and laid bare
A waste of wintry stars, astonished there,
And the recumbent moon's up-tilted horn.
From windows of desire and guarded doors
That open in this fortalice of dust
We hear the sound of constant waters thrust
Back from the ramparts of remoter shores.

Like statues frozen in a niche we stand,
Hearing the surf that beats through endless time
On seacoasts even the sails of Argos passed.
Here are all houses ever built on sand;
False beacon and mirage, and bells that chime,
Calling Ulysses, bound against the mast.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

An Epitaph

Thomas Tompion (1639-1713)

Tompion with sage and unperturbed inspection
Perused on the slow sun-dial of his time
An executed Charles; a Lord Protection;
Bunyan in prison; Milton struck sublime;
The Restoration; London's Plague and Flames;
Old Isaac Walton; ignominious James;
William of Orange, and the Bill of Rights;
The Battle of the Boyne; and Marlborough's Fights.

A century of summers closed. Queen Anne
Purchased his clocks unruffled. Tompion's span
Stopped; and his epitaph needs no apology.
Antagonist of turnip-watches, he
Deftly compressed their works, and died to be
Renowned as England's 'Father of Horology'.

SIEGFRIED SASOON.

Golden Passage

Leaves through the grass are telling over again
The passing of the god without a name,
Gone down the earth unseen, unheard of men,
With but these footprints for his fiery fame.
These might be stars, so goldenly they burn,
So fixed and fair are they, so still they lie,
And it is only thus that men may learn
The way of feet that lately left the sky.

And I who walk abroad these autumn nights,
Between the stars above and the stars below,
Am still bewildered by these glimmering lights,
Incredulous how there will come, I know,
Rains that will quench these starry prints, at last,
As though it had not been a god that passed.

DAVID MORTON.

The Critic as Politician

EVERY publishing season brings its crop of anthological and critical works from the hand of Mr. Louis Untermeyer. There is his survey of contemporary American poetry originally called *The New Era in American Poetry* and afterwards republished in a different form as *American Poetry Since 1900*; there are the anthologies of *Modern British and Modern American Poetry*, which have had at least two editions; there is *This Singing World*, an anthology for children; and there is the series of *Miscellanies of American Poetry*, which, though they appear officially as without an editor, are usually credited to Mr. Untermeyer. That the demand for these books is very great their multiplication proves; it seems to establish Mr. Untermeyer as the leading poetical authority of the country. The anthologies of *Modern British and Modern American Poetry*, which contain also brief critical notices, are in, respectively, their forty-fifth and their sixty-fifth thousands.

All these volumes are workmanlike and show a thorough knowledge of their immediate subjects. They constitute an attractive popular encyclopædia to contemporary poetry. Mr. Untermeyer has been at pains to keep them up to date: he has caused them to reflect the fashions of taste; their judgments alter and their emphasis shifts to bring them in harmony with the best criticism. We should, in fact, be able to accept them as perfectly satisfactory for their purpose, if we did not know that Mr. Untermeyer has critical pretensions himself. But Mr. Untermeyer has been a critic, has even, indeed, in his day performed valuable service in that capacity; and as time goes on we begin to feel uneasily that he has become deluded as to the nature of criticism: he seems finally to have come to understand it as a species of politics. His essays and his anthologies alike take on the aspect of campaign documents. His first book, *The New Era in American Poetry*, was frankly the manifesto of a party; but at that time the party was important and Mr. Untermeyer brought to his championship of it an enthusiasm and a candor which make the *New Era* perhaps his best book. It contains some errors of proportion, which have since become conspicuous; but at the time no critic, I believe, was any wiser than Mr. Untermeyer and very few so wise. The generation which has appeared since may be thankful that Mr. Untermeyer was there to make many of their mistakes for them.

In his subsequent volumes, however, now that the cause of the "new poetry" has been won, Mr. Untermeyer has appeared as a popular leader deprived of an issue. Where he was once the prophet of a movement, he is now merely an expert politician bent on maintaining his power. He has become a master of the tactful compliment and the noncommittal public speech: nowadays, instead of writing criticism, he has formed a habit of talking about the "vitality" or the "brilliance" of a given author, without ever informing us whether or not he believes that the writer in question is a poet—without, in fact, ever letting us know what he believes poetry to be. When a new poet of importance, whose work he finds unsympathetic, happens to appear outside the circle of Mr. Untermeyer's affiliations, Mr. Untermeyer, properly enough, gives him an unfavorable review. But if, as in the case of Elinor Wylie or T. S. Eliot, the poet survives the review, increases the number of his admirers and maintains his position of prominence, Mr. Untermeyer begins to revise his judgment, or rather to change his emphasis: where he

has hitherto dwelt on the writer's shortcomings, he now speaks rather of his merits. And eventually the poet will be invited, as in the case of the two named above, to contribute to the *American Miscellany*. Mr. Untermeyer's attitude toward Eliot is particularly interesting in this connection. In the *New Era*, which appeared in 1918, he speaks of Eliot as one of the ablest of a group of whom he writes that "they are chained to their impulse to startle—slaves of fashion, which, whether in dress or poetry, is the most transitory of things"; and holds up the beginning of *Prufrock* as a terrible example. In *Modern American Poetry*, published in 1919, he includes two short poems from Eliot and eight lines from *Prufrock* and writes that he finds in Eliot "an unearthly light without warmth which has the sparkle if not the strength of fire." In *American Poetry since 1900*, published in 1923, he devotes twelve pages to a discussion of Eliot (*The Waste Land* had appeared in the interval), of which two are concerned with *Prufrock*; "but at least two-thirds," he insists, "of Eliot's sixty-three pages attain no higher eminence than extraordinarily clever, eminently uncomfortable verse." Now in the new edition of *Modern American Poetry*, published this autumn, he includes five poems of Eliot, describes *Prufrock* as "a minor masterpiece," lowers the proportion of Eliot's poems which are to be dismissed as *vers de société* from two-thirds to a half and, eliminating the passage about Eliot's lack of fire, writes of *The Waste Land* in this strain: "If the rare felicities are difficult to find, we must remember that much which was once considered ugly and unintelligible—one recalls Beethoven's symphonies, Whistler's canvases, Rodin's bronzes, Browning's monologues, Whitman's 'barbaric yawp'—much which our grandparents considered heretical and outrageous, has become part of the world's cultural tradition."

Not that a critic may not revise his values. "Conditions change, supply fresh food for thought," Mr. Untermeyer explains in the preface to *American Poetry since 1900*, "and the sensitive palate acquires new powers of taste. One's own judgments must be re-examined, and, after such a period, either re-established or revised"; and we must partially admit such a plea. Nor would one suggest that Mr. Untermeyer lacks the courage to defend or the sensibility to recognize, unaccepted merit. On the contrary, he has championed some unpopular poets, such as Maxwell Bodenheim; and brought to notice some others not well known, such as Louise Bogan and Léonie Adams. But there is no instance of a poet, however meritorious, who has not already definitely arrived, ever having been invited to contribute to the *American Miscellany*, whereas the mediocre work of those who have almost invariably made the collection unreadable. And as the anthologies and the reviews tack back and forth before the wind, we reflect at last, not without regret, that Mr. Untermeyer has ceased to be interesting. For my part, I prefer to believe that Louis Untermeyer has become no longer even an active political figure, but rather a political machine. The old veteran has withdrawn; his lieutenants are doing his work for him. There are two or three who re-edit his opinions in accordance with the principles laid down by the chief; and another who supplies the puns, like a "gag-man" hired by a movie comedian. This would account for the naïveté of such systematic modifications of judgment as those cited above. And it would account also for such errors of taste as the bad joke with which Mr. Untermeyer's gag-man began a review of the posthumously published poems of the late Amy Lowell: "It would be pleasant to begin a review of Amy Lowell's first posthum-

cous volume by saying that with *What's O'Clock* the versatile experimentalist has at last struck twelve. But that gratification must be denied me." Surely Mr. Untermeyer himself would have written a little more warmly of one who had shared with him the chief honors in the promotion of the movement which once occupied him and who, though her poetry is no longer in fashion, had never in her lifetime been allowed to appear to anything but advantage in Mr. Untermeyer's pages!

EDMUND WILSON.

Boston

BOSTON is like Harvard College twenty years from now. It is living on a reputation that is gone. That it endures at all is a miracle. Of course it was really put away in lavender a long time ago. Somebody asked the witty Mr. X what he was doing in Boston. She got her answer. "Oh, just pottering about the ruins of the Athens of America," he said.

But that it was once an Athens is a thing the world of America will not forgive. As a *ci-devant* it still suffers the calumny of the mob. That I pronounce dance as if it rhymed with France has caused me an unpopularity not wholly my due. A long a is red to a great many bull-necked Americans. I say Americans advisedly, for in Boston we are all New Englanders. It may be that we have not yet forgotten that before we were an Athens we were a little London. And even now there are streets that lean reminiscently towards the sea, as if sniffing for the Thames.

It is not only the city which is a *ci-devant*. There are streets still where those who were born aristocrats live. It is as if there had been some time a revolution, and a republic had replaced the old régime, a good while back so that there was civic peace now, but a social bitterness still, and a necessity for hiding the emblems of superiority lest they infuriate the mob. Gentlemen walking down town to their offices no longer wear sticks. It even arouses comment in the parks of a Sunday. That is, perhaps, an explanation of the Boston clothes. There is a danger in dressing too well in Boston. It is like wearing a white cockade in the Paris of 1792. It is wiser, like the Chevalier de la Maison Rouge, to wear green spectacles, and to pass as a good citizen believing in the equality and brotherhood of men.

At night one may walk unmolested in a dinner coat, and it is then that the old Bostonians come and go. There are still dining clubs, where gentlemen meet once a week at each other's houses, as they have met for three generations or more, and relive the eighteenth century over Madeira and port, decanted from bottles in the sides of which are blown the initials of the family. For a few hours again the world of distinction and grace is alive, and wit and conversation are not lost arts. For a few hours it does not matter, it is forgotten, that the Irish-Americans have conquered; that the bourgeois has triumphed; that there is prohibition, chewing gum, and movies. On the wall of the room in which they sit hang pictures of men in ruffles, who look down and comprehend this merriment. And the books running up to the ceiling glow armorially through the cigar smoke rising blue against their vellum backs.

There is a great deal of paradox in what other people think of Boston. It is pictured as a city in every house of which reposes the Holy Bible, the Atlantic Monthly, and the Boston Evening Transcript. The head of the house is seen eating pork and beans, and brown bread, and quoting alternately Habbakuk and Horace. His wife is talking

about Wagner, and little Mehitabel is poring over Flaxman's illustrations of Homer. Young Amos in the corner is hidden by a huge volume of Bowdler's Shakespeare, opened to the middle of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Maria, the Irish maid, is arranging the chairs in the drawing-room in two lines so that when the Cabots come in from next door after supper everything will be ready for the Saturday evening game of Boston. Freda, the Swedish cook, downstairs is busy making fishballs for the Sunday breakfast. Some such picture as this led to that charming limerick they used to quote me when I first went away to boarding school:

There was a young maid of Back Bay,
Who was so extremely blasée,
That while still in her teens
She refused pork and beans,
And once threw a Transcript away.

For years I have sought that tender virgin, but I have not found her. If I had, I should have married her.

Nor have I found that Boston. I have found a few homes where the Atlantic Monthly reposes, but not in Boston. I have never found one where it is read. I am told that there are thousands, but I have not seen. Of course we all have Bibles, and we use the Transcript to light the fire with in winter. I have eaten pork and beans once. But it is a pretty picture. I have often thought it would make a fine setting for a play. Outside there would be newsboys selling the Boston American, and shouting that the State House had fallen into the Charles River, and that the Folies Bergères was performing on the Common. Something disturbing. It would be a very good play, a realistic success in the country at large, and in New York. I am afraid that in my own city they would consider it fantastic.

For the State House will never fall into the Charles River. It is not impermanent. It rests solidly upon the hill, and dominates untotteringly the world at its feet. Boston has been London, Athens, and Boston again. It has seen stirring times; it has been the fiery mother of two wars, in '75, in '61. It gave birth to Emerson; it nurtured Webster. For a time it had the longest railway station in the United States. And the State House dominates it all.

Beneath it lies the Common; on the Common of a summer's night lie the riffraff of the world, snoring contentment to the stars. In the Public Garden adjoining lie sailors and sailors' women. There is laughter and the breaking of glass, and sudden shrieks and sighs. But in winter it is a place of wind and ice. I find in Emerson: "Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear." I think I know what bare common he remembers. It is like that in February.

I could go on. I could take you to the Harvard Bridge on an April evening, and show you the city by the river, and its spires. I could show you from a warm room over the roofs the Christian Science dome on a winter's dawn, as it hangs upon the sky. I cannot indeed make much out of the fame or reputation of Boston. It is like the fame or reputation of my friends. It is, after all, only what strangers think. The city's existence is apart from it. Like my friends it has grown to maturity. What it was is part of what it is. That it pronounces dance as if it rhymed with France is an inheritance. It is indicative of its breeding, and points inevitably to a family tree. I am glad that Boston was not made, but was born. And almost to the purple.

GOBBO.

A Few Lessons in English

AN extraordinary demonstration of the quality of American light entertainment was given last week in New York when the new edition of the Charlot Revue arrived from London and the Palace Theatre, the local centre of the Keith-Albee circuit, was filled with turns from the London music-halls. The actual dreariness of both these occasions can, of course, prove nothing about our own productions; but the causes of this dreariness are illuminating.

About the vaudeville acts there isn't so much to say. The actual star of the bill was prevented from appearing on the night I saw the show; and only a few of the names were actually of headliners. The unconcerned juggler praised by Arthur Symons turned out to be a fairly good juggler with an entertaining manner of holding his hand almost in his pocket and projecting it, with a neat quick gesture, just where the ball was going to fall; he also smashed hats and had some energy. The female impersonator was so-so; the dancers were good little Tiller girls; the sketch was beyond words dreadful. There was little of the characteristic English humor; nothing grossly funny like Billy Merson, no Cockney richness like that of Alfred Lester. But what all of the numbers lacked, good and bad alike, was slickness and style. They weren't put over. They dragged their weary length along and ended out of sheer exhaustion. The West End music-hall and the Euston Palace of Varieties both have this defect; in the West End you get stars from the legitimate and importations like Grock; in Euston you get some rowdiness. But these qualities have to be of the first order to make an American observer forget that they are slapped together without the first idea of how effective they can ultimately be made.

When you step off the Keith circuit and go to the cheaper Loew houses in America you still find the production good. Some of the acts seem to have dropped from the big time and some to be aspiring to it; the scenery may be shabby, the technique of the acrobats and dancers a little unfinished. But they all work their material for all its worth, and with tidiness and despatch. And the more you see of them, and the more you see of foreign acts, the more you are persuaded that these methods, these manners, have really something to do with the kind of country America is.

To savor this fully you need to sit through the Charlot revue. It is built around four principals: Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Buchanan, and Herbert Mundin; of these Miss Lawrence is, according to report, an American; but as she goes in for grace more than for energy, for innuendo rather than for broad effects she falls into the tradition of the revue. Miss Lillie at moments makes you think she has the same concept of humor as Chaplin; her burlesquing is superficially perfect and at times internally true. Mr. Buchanan is tall and good looking, can sing and dance, and as conferencier has a dry attractive humor. Mr. Mundin is a cut-up and a character actor, with considerable delicacy and a nice sentimental quality. The tone of the revue is confidential and intimate, even in a large theatre; its novelty was a series of swift sketches, done with a minimum of fuss, and based on clever ideas. There was, in the first Charlot, a chorus hardly more numerous than the principals. And the universal comment was, How silly Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Carroll must feel when they think of their enormously costly productions—all of which they might throw away if they would only engage one Noel Coward to give them ideas.

Now the same stars with the same (or nearly the same)

ideas return and although the show may make money, Messrs. Ziegfeld and Carroll need no longer feel foolish. A few years ago, when the negro revues were conquering the town, it seemed to me that they could not permanently make the grade; they were certain to have an effect on the regular shows, but nothing more. This effect you may now see in the Charlestonizing of our dances. The Charlot effect was not so significant; the first revue resulted in the appearance of perhaps a score of little sketches similar to the English, some good and some not. The Scandals and the Vanities and the various Follies continue elaborate and possibly a little dull at times; but they remained fairly good revues. They still present some music, some excitement of scenery and costume, some novelty in mechanism or manoeuvre of chorus, some expert dancing. These are the thing which the Charlot revues have notably failed to bring to us. The first one had a superb number, Limehouse Blues, so inadequately produced that if the music hadn't been snapped up by the jazz orchestras even before the revue came here, it might have passed unnoticed. This year the Gigolette song is presented in the archaic manner of the Follies of 1902, with a transparent screen through which all the banality of the stage version of Apache life in Paris is seen while a tough sings husky sentimentalities.

Jean Cocteau has remarked that a novelty has the effect of disarming our vanity and our rancor; so that we praise a thing which later we condemn. I do not think that this explains entirely my distaste for the new Charlot revue. I dislike it largely because it lacks the revue elements I have mentioned; and more because at the points where it touches American revue it is so hopelessly bad. Twenty-four girls dressed in Scotch costumes trampling all over the stage in a dull series of figures are a poor substitute for the exciting levels and colors and movements of even the old Hippodrome. Where horseplay entered the results were various; the old admirers of Fannie Brice will not admit that Miss Lillie's burlesque ballet dance was any better, but they will at least be certain that Miss Lillie lifted by a wire, leaving her dress in the hands of her partner and sailing through the air in purple underwear, is not particularly new. Freshness, in those elements which Americans have worked for years, still comes to American producers; they vary the old material, change the proportions, and are continually alert for new twists. And for years the highest achievement of English production of revue seems to have been sixteen girls doing the same step with mechanical precision.

There are three or four superb numbers in the Charlot revue. Miss Lillie and Miss Lawrence singing in imitation of the Brox or Duncan sisters, with an excellent feeling for jazzy rhythms and with their triumphant burlesque scene; Miss Lillie herself as Miss Fancy Robinson singing a few songs from her repertoire, including A Little Slut of Six; Mr. Buchanan in the horseplay quartette. But they do not have the sparkle they could easily acquire, because the revue setting is so badly botched. A few vaudeville acts brought together on one stage do not create a revue, although producers, even Americans, sometimes think so. A revue, as we have been taught to know it, depends on a mingling of elements, on animation and physical beauty and color and music and comedy and tricks, among other things. Given that matrix, you can set into it any number of specialties, but the fundamentals must be created with the utmost precision and skill. These the English revues almost always neglect. Even Mr. Cochrane who writes with superior intelligence about revues does not compound his own prescription well.

The peculiar luck of American institutions is that they

can absorb so many things. The Chauve-Souris had its day; it was a long day and for the most part an entertaining one. Its conferencier has reappeared, under new names, in revue, and other elements have slipped neatly into our conventional vaudeville. The mass production of nakedness from the Casino of Paris has been toned down, but it adds its bit to our shows. If the Musical Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre is as inventive and ingenious as the Kamerny Theatre we can look for vastly entertaining developments in our musical comedies. There is, in fact, nothing we cannot use because we have apparently found the secret of producing anything. Our serious theatre is not yet so universally competent, and sometimes its effort to integrate foreign material is pitiful. It could learn from the lighter forms how necessary it is to swallow our importations entirely. The American revue is imperfect; actually on the side of intelligent humor it is sometimes extremely weak. But it has the strength of knowing its own style and of picking everywhere the elements which can be presented in that style. And it is that secret, not the secret of producing individual stars, which the European revue needs most to learn from us.

GILBERT SELDES.

Washington Notes

THE restrained pride of Senator Reed Smoot is a pretty thing to see these days—not, as you might suppose, pride resulting from the publicity given and the effect produced in France and elsewhere by the placing of his large flat feet on the conference table—though that did him no harm in Utah—but by the outcome of both the Italian and the French debt negotiations, for which he unctuously believes credit is due largely to himself.

There is in fact no little foundation for this belief and I would like here to state that Senator Smoot has got less credit in the daily papers for his part in the proceedings than he really should have. So modest is the man that I have, myself, overlooked the importance of his work.

In the first place it was he who howled earliest, longest and loudest against the acceptance of the final Caillaux proposal which found dear old Mr. Mellon in such a soft mood and which the French thought had been accepted. It was Smoot more than anyone else who insisted that never, never, would this proposal be ratified by Congress and it is not improbable that had it not been for him that offer would have gone through. No wonder the French told tales about him when they got home.

As for the Italian outcome, if pressed Mr. Smoot would, I think, concede that the terms are more or less of his making and the ultimate amount not far from his suggestions.

Take it all in all, he is in a highly satisfied frame of mind—feeling better about things in general than he has in some years.

It is a matter of common knowledge among his colleagues in the Senate that Smoot has worried more about the non-payment of the vast sums owed us by our former allies than anyone else in Washington. A thrifty man himself and most punctilious about his personal bills, Senator Smoot is generally conceded to be by nature a close collector, and the idea of so many foreign nations owing the United States so much money and not only making no payments on account, but actually letting the totals increase at an ungodly rate, fretted the good Senator from

Utah almost as much as if the debt were due him personally.

Thus he had his heart more wholly in the effort to negotiate with our debtors, big and little, than any other member of the American Commission. The cause of his present satisfaction is that small though the early Italian installments are under the terms, at least \$5,000,000 of real money has been actually received and that soothes his soul. As for the French he feels that he prevented—or helped prevent—what would have amounted to practical cancellation of their debt and that they as a result of their failure to settle and the Italian success in so doing find themselves in a position where they will be compelled very shortly to step up to the captain's office with a better offer. And when they come Senator Smoot will be at the conference table. What he will then do with his feet will be interesting to know.

But aside from Senator Smoot and his self-satisfaction, one thing about the Italian settlement sticks out underneath and gives more than a hint of hollowness to the whole business. This is the open secret that the Italians came over here with instructions from Mussolini to settle—to make the best terms possible, of course, but in the end to sign. Before they landed in New York the tip to this effect came to the Washington correspondents through underground channels from the Italian Embassy and the whole attitude of the Commission after they reached Washington bore out the truthfulness of the tip and made the negotiations more or less stage play.

The fact is that the Italians, sorely in need of another loan from American bankers, met the necessary condition. The Italian idea was to get terms for the next five years as low as possible. What they are for the years to follow makes no difference. If they are too heavy and they cannot pay, they will send another commission over to discuss a modification or a moratorium. What they wanted now was to lift the ban on the private loan and to lift it at the lowest possible cost. Any analysis of the terms is enough to convince anyone that Mussolini has as much right to feel proud as has Senator Smoot. As for settling now what Italy and the rest of these nations are going to pay us 62 years hence, the idea makes every economist with a sense of humor laugh out loud. The notion that we are going to get these payments over 62 years is a joke. Senator Smoot may believe it, but I doubt if anyone else around here does.

I hate to harp on the subject of "Jud" Welliver, but it does seem as if his case furnishes an unusual illustration of the well-known fact that the merits of a man are nearly always more fully appreciated after he has passed on than before. Nor that "Jud" is dead—far from it—but as has been told he has officially severed his connection with the White House, where since 1920 he has served with conspicuous success as the presidential literary aide.

Last week I reported concerning the futile search for a successor to "Jud" and the difficulties first, in finding the right man and second, in inducing him when found to serve. The search still continues and pending the filling of the vacancy I am informed that "Jud" has been prevailed upon to stay on the job at least until after the forthcoming message of the President to Congress is in final shape. With three speeches to deliver and the message to prepare, "Jud" could not have selected a time to pull out when his loss would be more acutely felt. Since

he announced his purpose to depart he has been made to feel that he played a much more important rôle around the White House than they ever let him feel before. At this writing he is still on the job at the executive offices. The administration could not afford to be left flat at this time.

For the earnest young gentlemen who are bound to Secretary of State Kellogg by official or unofficial ties the subject of the Károlyi debarment is still a more or less sore one. It is not going too far to say that they shrink from discussion of the action of the Secretary and find it difficult even in the most private and intimate conversation to justify or explain.

It is not doing them an injustice to say they ramble when they are pressed on this Károlyi matter. They drift into a long rigmarole about the talented Countess being an undoubted Communist and about the elaborate and far-reaching efforts being made here by Communists—financed from Moscow—to organize the Negroes in America. They go on to say that the secret department of Justice records show the presence here of several hundred Communist workers all of whom are concentrating on the Negro element. Vaguely they speak of the possibilities of a "black revolution" and ask whether it is good policy to admit people to this country whose purpose in coming is to promote that sort of revolution. Questioned as to whether there was the slightest evidence that the Countess Károlyi contemplated such work in America, they run off into more vague musings about the lack of public appreciation of the spread of Communism among the Negroes and the necessity for the State department to be on guard against the spread of poison that might lead to a "black revolution." One gathers after listening to one or two of these monologues from Mr. Kellogg's friends that the "black revolution" has become a sort of obsession with somebody in the State department—that there at least they take it seriously.

The gentlemen of the press who specialize in the taxation situation and who have been sending out such cheerful columns concerning the surety of the adoption of the Mellon proposal to slash the maximum surtax of 40 percent, around which the whole bill is being framed, seem to overlook the fact that regardless of the Constitution it is in the Senate that revenue measures are really arranged, not in the House. They have been basing their optimistic predictions largely upon the supine surrender of the House Democratic leaders to the weight of the Mellon propaganda.

Eventually they will wake up to the fact that the fate of the administration measures depends almost wholly upon one man and he is in the Senate. A good many weeks ago I pointed out that if Senator Borah decided to lead an attack against the principle of relieving the large incomes of their proportionate tax the chances are the thing would fail. If Senator Borah becomes too immersed in his bitter battle against the World Court and is relatively indifferent to the taxation fight, the Coolidge-Mellon plan will probably prevail. That was the situation last summer and it is the situation now. The thing revolves around Borah and anyone capable of analyzing the Senate is compelled to admit it.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Pseudo-Literature

THE term, I believe, is Schopenhauer's. He declared that there are two streams of writing, for the most part indistinguishably merged save for a very few. One of these, the effect of creative thought and of creative vision, he called literature; and all the rest, however pleasant and respectable, he outlawed. To go back to any flourishing epoch is to be convinced that Schopenhauer was right and that our present status is not essentially unique. The modish ladies of Weimar forsook Goethe for the "more modern" Kotzebue. Pradon and Quinault outbid Racine for favor. Alexandria, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem had swarms of writers who were so close to the contemporary clamor that they have died with it into as whole a silence. The printing press and the mock crowning of Demos have merely aggravated an immemorial condition. Where only a minority could read, of course only a minority could be idle readers. Now that everyone is forced to read, the flood of words without creative source is stintless, and there are organized for it great armies of "distributing agents," of which an unconsciously servile group call themselves reviewers—even critics. The swollen plethora of pseudo-literature has perhaps lowered the visibility of the real through its sheer mass. But if this be argued an increased deterrent to the life and health of literature it is more than overcome by the increasing of the potential public for what is good. The more persons who can read at all, the more may read what is authentic.

There is then no good ground for the friend and writer of literature to complain. He has traditionally addressed a minority in a minority; and it exists for him today. The new presence of hawkers and bawlers purveying printed goods to the mob has not altered his position any more than has the deformation of the democratic doctrine into the myth that everybody is as good as everybody else. If the writer hungers after enormous sales, he is the victim of confusion: unconsciously, he desires to leave his true domain. If he feels that he is entitled to the royalties of a Michael Arlen or to the popularity of a Fannie Hurst, the urgency of his vision must be very weak. For it is the glorious compensation of the wooers of beauty and of truth that all other of life's guerdons are by contrast dull. To have heard clear, even once, the word of God is to hear it forever in all the calls of life.

More serious and more concerning is another phase of this mutual attraction between the real with its rigorous isolation and the false with its populous cordialities. The purveyors of pseudo-literature are so many that they fall into classes. They have their snobs too, their social climbers. And there is among their readers an ample group sufficiently emerged from the rest to desire culture even at the cost of thrills. These persons are aware of the term literature and want their share in it. Their conception, of course, is derived from shallow study of the past. Incapable of recognizing the essence of an art, they dwell on its external traits and manners. And the contemporary writers who most flatter them are the emulators of these imitable parts. Such authors are competent in style, they are elegant, they reproduce in terms of up-to-dateness the forms and virtues of previous pioneers. Most of them will be novelists, dramatists, even poets. But they must have their critics. And to them falls the dangerous task of establishing a rationale for their kind; an aggressive apology for all their sterile wares.

The creative, the heroic, the religious spirit of true literature is by such critics utterly ignored; and by repeated

omission comes to be regarded as non-existent. The novel which flows well, the tale which is pleasing, the construction which reflects current thought or current passion is hailed as *good*, and the more reflective, hence passive it is, the higher is rated its importance. Unconsciously, it is assumed that literature has no independent body: that its real substance is the public taste. From this fallacy it follows that criticism becomes a solemn discussion of secondary traits—timeliness, grace and color. The primary creative stuff of literature without which these secondary qualities can have no true existence is forgotten. The terms of what is genuine are borrowed for what is false. And the confusion grows.

What hungry common reader could dream, from contemporary criticisms of Mr. Hergesheimer, of Mrs. Wharton, of Miss Cather—supply your own names from the current columns—that these are makers of books with an essential lack: a lack as crucial as that which parts organic death from life? The books of such novelists are competent in so far as they are elegant reflections of styles in form and thought and language. As contributions to the creative life of the mind and of the spirit, they are inept. Their source is neither a luminous vision nor an authentic knowledge; but rather the shrewd perusal of past masters and present moods. Neither their purpose nor their substance adds one iota to the experience of man. To call them literature is to degrade the name.

And it is precisely urgent that the name literature be not degraded. For there is much in a name: much directing of intelligence, much shaping of powers. And we possess an age in which intelligence is not small, but confused, in which powers are lavish, but debauched. A critic of our day as aware as were Abelard and Anselm, would be as concerned as they were with the pragmatic virtues of the Name. He would know, as they did, that a confusion in words is the symbol of confusion in continents and souls. Much of the dangerous condition of our time springs from the fact that in the readjustment of social and spiritual forms, names had become the prostituted playthings of any fool or knave who wishes to mouth them.

Thus, the gigantic reaches of pseudo-literature from the Hearst papers to Harold Bell Wright, being allotted their proper place, do no great harm. They touch only the senses they appeal to; they convince only minds incapable of conviction; there is no formidable clique to name them other than they are. Far more pernicious is the snob class of pseudo-literature; for it sails under false colors and of late it proceeds almost unchallenged.

The challenge of other days was a competent tradition. Pseudo-literature has always thrived on pretension. But an audience to whom the classics, holy or profane, were valid had an incessant standard to protect it. If a French academician extolled Quinault, there was Euripides to answer. If an Alexandrian put out a bad pseudographia of Ezra, the Chronicles could face him. Our situation is more arduous. In the general liquidation of old forms, the æsthetic tradition has dissolved. We must build up a new critical standard not only within, but from the current chaos.

That is why we may be thankful to Mrs. Edith Wharton. She has written of "the writing of fiction." (*The Writing of Fiction*, by Edith Wharton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.); she has discussed forms, parts, precedents, recipes; and there is no temper in any of her pages which would ill befit a cook book. Eminent exemplar of the respectable and the reflective in fiction, she now reveals for even the most docile eye the vast, the complacently ig-

nored abyss that can uprise between an art form and the creative spirit. Let the reader run through these prim pages of technical details on "situation," "character," "style," "fidelity to nature" (whatever *that* is); let him ask himself what all this has to do with that high sacrament of the Word, which art and literature shall ever be. He will then need no critic. His own hunger for spiritual and æsthetic nurture should suffice to show him the difference between what he lacks and the straw food of fashionable letters.

WALDO FRANK.

The Eternal Don Juan

The Last Night of Don Juan, by Edmond Rostand.
Translated by Sidney Howard. Greenwich Village Theatre, November 9, 1925.

AN Elizabethan in many respects would be better prepared to respond to Rostand's play than its modern audience at the Greenwich Village Theatre. This personage from Shakespeare's theatre would catch more easily than we do the variations in tone, the pagan multiplicity of image and emotion, the bravura essays in poetic composition, flights of subtle ornament androdomontade. He would miss a good deal of the French and classical quality no doubt; he would balk at the femininity and pity of the theme beneath the play. But he would bring to the theatre the mental alertness and vigor and fanciful ginger to meet the crowding of the thought and fancy. He would take to his heart, how readily, the blaze and lustre of those passages, the complexity of figure and conceit so thickly sown.

The difficulties of producing such a play, French, Rostand's and poetic, in our present day American theatre are manifest. Mr. Sidney Howard's translation is very good and steers successfully a middle course between the magnificent impossibilities of the French original and the limits of our English ears. But the first requirement for this drama is energy. An energy such as we have not in the Anglo-Saxon theatre is needed throughout *The Last Night of Don Juan*. It must appear most of all in the protagonist. The rôle of Don Juan is a long one, made up of incessant speeches, fancies, images, decorations and florid and romantic passions. It requires sustained attack, a hot and continuous method. It requires declamation and, especially, a finely scaled proportionment of emphasis. And it demands an exact diction combined with energy, in order that the reading of the lines may be swift but telling, that the stress of the verse may fall where it belongs, the recitation kept going, and at the same time the essentials of the character and the dramatic motivation revealed.

Such energy, such quick precision of brains, are not to be found among our actors. Mr. Stanley Logan gave at least a passable performance; you could hear a good deal of the verse pattern, and you got some acting impression at least of what the lines told you Don Juan and his history were meant to be. The rest of the play was for the most part background to the hero, who carries the theme, except for the devil, who directs the catastrophe, and who was well played by Mr. Augustin Duncan. Mr. Edgar Stehli as Sganarelle could have been worse and Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, if somewhat sententious and self-complacently saccharine as the White Phantom, the only woman character of importance, was intelligible.

Mr. James Reynolds's settings for *The Last Night of Don Juan* were brilliantly close to Rostand's play. That high Venetian chamber, silver, rose, gold, black, with its

baroque forms, its balcony outside, its lights and luscious shapes, was a success all through. The problem of the costumes, with Longhi to fall back on, was easy.

In the directing of the play Mr. Robert Milton contrives some expert patterns for those difficult scenes with the drifting and circling forms of those loved phantoms who return to haunt Don Juan and record his ruin. He makes a grave mistake in subordinating the music as he does. Mr. Macklin Marrow's arrangements to accompany the play are very happy, and if they were heard better could lend a golden rhythm and background to the long stretch of that last act, and provide those daring lengths and heights of speeches with their due melodic flow and vocal attack. The chief shortcoming, however, in Mr. Milton's directing is in the direction of mass and emphasis of meaning, a thing easy to talk about but difficult indeed. That last act as Rostand wrote it is hard enough to manage even in the mere reading of the printed play, so involved and stratified are its method and points. The director of such a scene needs to do what an orchestra conductor does, to study the composition for its scale of values, to speed up here, to retard there, to take the sheer time pattern, the pattern of tone and volume, and the visual patterns of gesture and movement, and force them to establish the dramatic meaning of the scene.

But the whole occasion of *The Last Night of Don Juan* at the Greenwich Village Theatre is sincerely undertaken and provides a superb experiment, valuable in our prose theatre and engaging, even exciting, from start to finish.

The Last Night of Don Juan, written shortly before Rostand's death, in 1918, is the last of his plays. Of the list of his theatre *Cyrano de Bergerac* leads in universal appeal, in melodramatic imagination, in sure-fire theatrical effect; *L'Aiglon* excels in moments of tenderness and neurotic pathos; *Chantecler* as spectacular allegory, a kind of radiant bestiary that sums up completely for the modern theatre this ancient form of art. But *The Last Night of Don Juan* is Rostand's best work when it comes to the thinking, the serious and original elaboration of the theme's philosophy. The turn that he gives this time-worn legend is triumphantly his own.

In the prologue *Don Juan*, the seducer of women, three thousand and more, is given ten more years to live, at which time the Devil is to call the bargain. The play

begins. The last night comes. The Devil as the puppet master arrives with his little booth where Polichinelle and his history will be set forth and in the end the puppet devil will win. The puppet history is played. Sganarelle brings the list on which is written the names of all the ladies that have yielded to his master. Don Juan tears the list to pieces. Music sounds, the fragments of the paper stir and fly, they drift outward to the canal, gondolas appear with figures, ghosts whose names these on the list once were. They come into the chamber, dressed all alike, all hidden under their white Venetian masks. Don Juan calls their names. He can recognize none of them. They laugh derisively. The Devil gathers a goblet of their tears, all false. Among the tears there is one spark. The White Phantom comes, the woman he might have found in any one of the three thousand if he had only given them a little love. If he can even now give himself to love, the Devil can be cheated of him. He cannot. In stage after stage of the theme's development we arrive at the end, Don Juan who has lived in the flesh is punished in it. He will be forever the puppet, he who might have been so much, and as the curtain falls you see the wizened doll of him perking from the Guignol.

Of the familiar Rostand much remains in *The Last Night of Don Juan*. The romantic mood and declamatory cerebration is there. The dialectic, a whole long scene matched part for part one against another, beloved of the Greeks and carried on in Racine and the classical French, is there. But everything is swept into theatre. No sorrow, no joy, no reflection or gallantry or tenderness or tragic fate, but in Rostand's temperament is whooped up into the theatrical glare and energy of an incurable and nearly always effective theatricality. The dialectic itself, cold and logical as its essence is, becomes a flaring game, exuberant debate, romantically barbarous beside its classic model. We have the same Rostand, the romantic excess with the classical polish; the headstrong lyricism with the stage instinct, sometimes profound, sometimes hollow and slight, now imaginatively inventive, now merely tricky; dazzling exactions on actor and audience; audacity and bravura rather than power; a mystical passion for sensuous ornament; a poetry full of worldliness and vanity, strangely haunted with "the sound of wings pursued from tree to tree"; and his constant theme of that one source of life and glory, desire.

STARK YOUNG.

A C O M M U N I C A T I O N

Charity or Justice?

READERS of Professor William James's letters, published in 1920, will doubtless remember the anger and scorn with which he regarded the American occupation of the Philippine Islands in 1898. They will remember it because his views were shared, not only by radicals, but by many thousands of Americans whose lifelong training had been inimical to any form of imperialism. The acquisition of territory by purchase was, in their eyes, only one degree less odious than the acquisition of territory by conquest. Both implied the acquisition of inhabitants who showed no disposition to be acquired. President McKinley's smooth phrase, "benevolent assimilation," stuck in their throats. So, too, did the flowery sentences which represented the Commission of January 1899 as carrying to

these benighted islanders "the richest blessings of a liberating rather than of a conquering nation." It was, they thought, the plain duty of the United States to set a date for leaving the Islands, and to keep it. Even the redoubtable Mr. Dooley mocked cheerfully at the expansive patriotism of the day. "Sure thin," he reminded Mr. Hennessey, whom nothing would content but the immediate "histing" of the American flag over the Philippines, "'Tis not more thin two months since ye larned whether they were islands or canned goods."

This was a quarter of a century ago. Today an answer to jest and to sober criticism may be read in Governor-General Wood's appeal for the lepers of Culion Island, in the record of the work done in this, the largest leper colony of the world, and, above all, in the pathetic letter sent by the exiles to the Governor when the rumor reached

them that he was returning to the States. Apparently, his departure is the thing they fear most on earth. "Before you came," they remind him, "the world cared very little for our sufferings. With your coming, a new star shone above our narrow horizon. For the first time an active interest has been taken in our welfare. *Hope has become the very essence of our lives.*" Then follows an earnest appeal that, if go he must, he will see to it that the measures provided for their relief and cure during his administration will be continued and augmented by his successor.

This augmentation is the boon asked of Americans today. It is "the white man's burden" laid fairly and squarely on our shoulders, inasmuch as we have chosen to make the Philippines our property and our responsibility. It is also the white man's delight, inasmuch as research is the ruling passion of our day; and for research along great and perilous lines, Culion Island offers a field the like of which was never known before.

When American bacteriologists find a way to nourish and transplant the singularly sensitive bacillus of leprosy which Hansen discovered fifty years ago, the disease will become a preventable one. This then is the task cut out for patient workers in the laboratory. At present the disease is, if taken in time under favorable conditions, a curable one. This then is the task cut out for patient workers in the hospital. The only known remedy, chaulmoogra oil, product of an East Indian bean, so ravages the internal organs that hitherto it has for the most part killed the patient before it has had time to cure him. Now softened and modified into "ethyl ester," it is injected into the muscles with encouraging results. In a leper community averaging fifty-six hundred patients, four hundred and forty-nine have been dismissed as "negatives," that is, cases still under surveillance, and a hundred and ninety-six as cured.

This is a brave showing. With increased income will come increased facilities, and with increased facilities, increased cures. The Insular government has given all it has to give and more. The appropriations for Culion Island amount to one-third of the entire funds voted for public health. There is much to be done with the money. Laboratories, hospitals, doctors, nurses and drugs must be paid for; land must be bought for small groups of segregated agriculturists, roads must be built, food and other necessities of life must be given to those in need. The tiny "gratuity" allowance, about ten cents a week, paid to all lepers who desire it, is of no real help in living; but it is inexpressibly dear to its recipients as representing their share of the luxuries of life. For many it buys tobacco, that exquisite solace of the afflicted—tobacco that helps the wounded soldier to bear his pain, and that gives to the hopeless leper a respite from his unhappiness.

For lepers, like clean men, greatly desire to enjoy. Exiled from home and kindred, they live their lives, as far as possible, along normal lines. Their island is ten miles by two. Artesian wells, dug by Governor-General Wood, supply them with good drinking water. Electricity and an ice-plant suggest the resources of civilization. There are schools for the children, shops for those who have any money to spend, policemen to keep order. There are fish in the seas, and crops—none too good—for the raising.

A brass band and a string orchestra—both composed of lepers—play on alternate Sundays and Thursdays in the main plaza. Occasionally, but all too seldom, some moving-pictures, cheap films disdained by happier communities, are shown to pathetically delighted audiences. A lawn tennis court and a few pool tables count for sport; and there is always a church with open doors to offer the alleviations of religion.

And how about the white people who live on this ten by two island, visited once or twice a month by boats which bring from Manila food, clothing, hospital supplies, and always, alas! more patients; and that carry back the "negatives" and the cured? An American physician, Dr. H. Windsor Wade, has been for over three years head of the great hospital. The opportunities offered for scientific research lured him to this post, and hold him there. Fourteen Filipino doctors, graduates of the College of Medicine in Manila, do able work as his assistants. Twenty-one Filipino nurses have charge of the wards, and of patients coming for treatment. There are also two chemists, a dentist, and two hundred laborers in the government's pay. All these employes are clean.

And they stay clean with only moderate precautions. A community of French nuns have lived on the island for eighteen years. They have charge of leper children, and no one of them has ever contracted the disease. Several have died of other causes during this period, and successors have been promptly sent from France. The French priests have been equally immune. It is worthy of note that wherever the Roman Catholic Church offers missionary work of an especially difficult, dangerous and disagreeable character, it is almost always done by the French. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has written a novel of poignant interest and inordinate length to prove to us what we knew fairly well already, that the passion for research enables a man to dispense with every agreeable accessory of life. But while Dr. Wade spends the long busy days in the absorbing work of the laboratory, Mrs. Wade lives in the Headquarters of the Non-Leper Staff on that part of the Island called Balala, and makes existence possible for her husband. It is pleasant to record that four Filipino servants went with Dr. and Mrs. Wade into exile, hating and fearing it, but unwilling to desert the Americans with whom they had lived for several years in Manila. Devotion of every kind blooms on this dreadful soil, like flowers springing brilliant and beautiful from the corruption which nourishes their roots.

The million dollars asked by Governor-General Wood for carrying on and perfecting the work he has so energetically begun seems but a moderate sum. Americans are always giving a million of dollars to something. They give it individually to found new departments in colleges. They give it collectively to educational and philanthropic organizations. They are now asked to give it once more to "the most unfortunate of God's creatures"; and they are asked to give it, first, in the name of humanity, because the lepers are truly unfortunate; second, in the name of human justice, because we promised to the Filipinos—in lieu of the independence they thought they wanted—the "richest blessings" we had in our hands to bestow; and third, in the name of human intelligence, because we may in the near future discover a preventive, or perfect a cure, which

will clean the world of an age-long taint. The Leprosy Relief Fund of the War department, Washington, waits for American cheques. And from the ten mile island far away come the penetrating words: "Hope has become the very essence of our lives."

AGNES REPPLIER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Party Competition and Voting

SIR: Shortly after the publication by Professor Schlesinger and myself of *The Vanishing Voter* in the *New Republic*, October 15, 1925, there appeared a letter over the signature of Harold F. Gosnell in which we were boldly accused of overlooking the matter of "one-party states" as a factor in explaining the apathy of voters in presidential elections. In the October 21 issue of your journal the same writer contributes an article entitled *The Voter Resigns*, in which he again stresses what he evidently believes to be a very essential factor in explaining why people do not vote. Since Mr. Gosnell is not alone in voicing the opinion that the matter of party competition is of great importance in producing a high or low percentage of voting in different states it seems worth while to present a different viewpoint of the matter.

The present writer has no inclination to dispute Mr. Gosnell's deduction concerning the South, for there is no doubt that the overwhelming superiority of the Democratic party in the southern states is an important factor in causing the low voting percentage in that section. It seems desirable, however, to recall that all the ostensibly eligible voters in the South have not voluntarily "resigned." The practical exclusion of the Negroes from the polls is a most important factor in explaining why such a low percent of the possible voters go to the polls in the South.

But the matter of party competition—or lack of it—will not serve so readily as an explanation of the high or low percentage of voting outside of the South. Mr. Gosnell's approach to the matter seems to be quite superficial. He cites the close party competition in Indiana as explaining the high percentage of voting in that state, and he refers to the preponderance of the Republican party in Pennsylvania as supplying the explanation for the low percentage of voting in that state.

Instead of examining only a few states and making superficial deductions as a result it might be suggested that a more scientific mode of procedure would be to examine all forty-eight states. Following such a procedure it would be ascertained that in the 1924 election there were eighteen states in which the result was fairly close, while in the other thirty one party easily won the election. These "close" states were Arizona, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia, Wyoming, and Wisconsin. Yet in only five of these close states, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota and West Virginia, was there a respectable percentage of the voters who went to the polls. Thus, only about 28 percent of the close states showed a voting percentage of between sixty-five and seventy-five.

On the other hand, analyzing the thirty states in which there was little contest, it will be found that nine of them, or 30 percent, attained a voting percentage comparable to the five "close" states mentioned. These nine states were California, Colorado, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Utah. Since the proportion of "one-party" states having a high voting average was about the same as the proportion of "close" states, in the 1924 election, it may be concluded that the factor of party competition had little to do with the matter of voting or not voting in that election.

But to make this conclusion more effective the election returns might well be examined back to 1896. It will then be found that through a series of eight presidential elections only four of the fourteen high states of 1924 have fluctuated between two parties. These four are Colorado, Kansas, Missouri and Utah. Of the remainder, three, California, New Hampshire and West Virginia, have been carried by the Republican party in every election except those of 1912 and 1916. The remaining seven states, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota and Rhode Island, have been consistently carried by the Republicans, except in 1912, when Minnesota was carried by the Progressives and the other six by the Democrats.

From the brief analysis presented it will at least be apparent that, contrary to the notion of Mr. Gosnell and others, the majority of the states scoring high percentages in voting, have, since 1896, been one-party states. It will also be clear that the matter of voting efficiency, outside of the South, cannot be traced to the factor of party competition. Therefore the causes of non-voting must be sought elsewhere. In *The Vanishing Voter* the authors presented what seemed to be the most important reasons for the falling off in the voting percentage. We trust that it will now be obvious that we did not "overlook" the matter of party competition, but that, on the contrary, our analysis showed that the matter was not worthy of consideration in comparison with other causes mentioned in the article.

ERIK MCKINLEY ERIKSSON.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

The Religion of the Bolsheviks

SIR: I cannot refrain from making a protest against Keynes' use of the word RELIGIOUS and RELIGION in his otherwise excellent article in the *New Republic* of October 28.

Religion represents worship and faith in God. It is either doctrinal or spiritual, and in the former sense loses its actual reality, and has often become a persecuting and evil force. There is a vast difference between theology and religion. One feels the latter in the Gospel of Saint John, in the Seven Valleys of Baha'u'llah, and in Emerson's *Over Soul*. In all these is the essence of religion—but in the most reactionary and offensive phases of this great force the worship of God and reverence for him are insisted upon.

The Bolshevik state is still endeavoring to banish all worship and mention of God from Russia; and I happen to know from friends that if a student at a university is reported to have attended a purely devotional and Christian meeting, he will be barred from his classes.

The Bolshevik state meanwhile, banishing God, endeavors to establish a sentimental cult which puts Lenine, its departed leader, in the place of the excluded Deity, thus intensifying Bolshevik authority in the popular mind.

No one would more thoroughly disapprove of this than Lenine himself, who was a great soul and a clear thinker.

MARY HANFORD.

New York City.

Mr. Tully's Space

SIR: I smiled all through Stark Young's review of *Outside Looking In*. . . the play made from my book, *Beggars of Life*. At the finish of the review I said to myself, "Why in the hell is intelligence so emasculated in this nation?" Stark Young—all college men, tramps, and dramatic critics should call each other Mister—takes one paragraph from the book, a paragraph which I will admit is bad, and which should not have been printed on a program. Mr. Young infers that it would be hard for Mr. Maxwell Anderson to adapt a good play from such material. A writer on the *Wall Street Journal* once admitted I could write. I naturally felt safe in the hands of a writer on the *New Republic*.

I was in New York at the opening of this play. I followed closely all the reviews of it. They were all quite fair, save one by a Mr. Anderson on that old lady of the Sunday Parlor—the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Young's review takes rank with Mr. Anderson's.

The play is no more like *Beggars of Life* than I am like James Branch Cabell. But Stark Young should at least know what he is writing about. I hope he reads the book—even a critic can learn. I was with Oklahoma Red when his cracked skull went open along an Arkansas railroad. Mr. Gilbert Gabriel said that Louis Wolheim would be taxed to play the Oklahoma Red of the book. Mr. Bide Dudley of the *Evening World* said something about the play being the shadow of Jim Tully. When a man has tramped the roads of the world for six years, he sees little comedy in hobo life. Anderson is shrewd and must have known that. I want the play to run on Broadway—a tramp tragedy wouldn't. If the play has a long run I will be able to write another real tramp book which Stark Young may read. Alas for dreams!

Of course you'll give my side of the case as much space as you did Mr. Young's. All newspapers are fair.

JIM TULLY.

Hollywood, Cal.

More Musical Mountebankery

SIR: As I understand Mr. Virgil Thomson (*The New Musical Mountebankery*, issue of October 21), he ridicules the ladies in the grandstands for estimating the musical result, which alone matters in estimating a conductor, by the visual one. But Mr. Thomson, as I understand him, does precisely the same thing. The ladies consider Leopold Stokowski's musical results good because he gives a good show; but for the same reason, I gather, Mr. Thomson considers them poor, and because Walter Damrosch is unassuming and dignified in manner he concedes to his work the quality and value of objective exposition. I do not question the facts that Mr. Stokowski is a mountebank and that his musical results are often objectionable, but when they are objectionable it is not because he is a mountebank: he might give his own show and at the same time a lucid exposition of the music. And though one's respect for Mr. Damrosch's sincerity, devotion and actual achievements in other ways makes one wish he were indeed a skilful interpreter, it seems inescapable that despite his objective approach his performance of music lacks not merely persuasiveness but the lucidity he strives to achieve. His good intentions are as unavailing as those of Mr. Van Hoogstraten, pace Mr. Thomson.

Consider, again, the statement that Mr. Stokowski "can play soldier with his men and drill them till the music has exactly as much expression as a military parade." Here we have the notion that flexibility of tempo in performance is destroyed by, or incompatible with, careful rehearsal of the changes in tempo which make the performance flexible, that rehearsed flexibility is necessarily less flexible than unrehearsed. In the first place, this idea of the relation between rehearsal and the musical conception is totally incorrect; in the second place Mr. Thomson has used *drill* in place of *careful rehearsal* and then associated something implied by *drill*, namely rigidity, with the musical conception that is rehearsed. And so not only does he not understand what he is writing about, but he cannot think straight. Elsewhere, for example, he has objected to rehearsal on the same incorrect ground, and this time, somewhat unexpectedly, because it resulted in too much expression. And in his present article, after shifting suddenly from mountebankery to a cast based on musical excellence, he explains the absence of Messrs. Stock and Damrosch by the fact that their concern is with the music whereas Mr. Stokowski's is with his own show, implying now that the cast was based on mountebankery.

Mr. Thomson, it is true, is more concerned with being humorous than with being accurate, consistent or even consecutive—some of his errors may then be attributed to the hectic flush on his cheek and the glitter in his eye—but the humor of even a humorous article should be that which is actually in the situation, of which there is plenty. There is even more in what is written about the situation; and to the eighth nonsense art of Orchestral Conducting I add a ninth, Musical Criticism.

B. H. HAGGIN.

New York.

The History of the Negro

SIR: I wish to invite the attention of the public to an effort of national and international importance. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History has had a record of achievement along its chosen lines during its first ten years of which everyone who has had a part in it may feel proud. Organized by five persons in Chicago, September 9, 1915, and bringing out the first issue of the *Journal of Negro History* in January 1916, on a credit of \$400, the Association has expanded with the years and the *Journal* has appeared each quarter with a standard of scholarship and a quality of printing and binding until its ten volumes will bear comparison with any similar publications with which it shares the shelf space in the leading libraries of the country.

This, and many other important facts in the development of the Association and its invaluable work in saving the records of the Negro's past in American life, was recounted with enthusiasm at the celebration of the Tenth Anniversary held, September 9-10, this year in Washington, D. C. Negro ministers, business men, educators, editors and other visitors joined to express their appreciation for this most valuable work of the race performed by the Association under the devoted, unselfish and scholarly guidance of Dr. Carter G. Woodson, the founder and moving spirit of the organization through these ten years.

The second important achievement of the Association has been its annual meetings beginning with the first one held in Washington in 1917. These meetings, together with the growing member-

ship of the Association, have served to impress the thinking Negroes themselves and their white friends with the value of preserving historical records of the race.

In April 1921, the Carnegie Corporation made an appropriation of \$25,000 to the general expenses of the work to be paid in annual installments of \$5,000 a year. The following year the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial appropriated the same amount for research payable on similar terms. The Association was thereby enabled to foster the next epoch-making part of its work in projecting a series of scholarly volumes based upon the most thorough and careful research. Among these publications are collections of documents soon to be published, which have been collected by Miss Irene A. Wright from the Archives of the Indies, Seville, Spain. These collections embrace the Despatches of Spanish Officials bearing on the Free Negro Settlement of Gracia, Real De Santa Teresa de Mose, Florida, Documents illuminating the Early History of the Negro in Cuba and The Negro in Louisiana under the Spanish Régime.

Special and more detailed reports on Free Negro Owners of Slaves in the United States in 1830, Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830, and The Mind of the Negro as Reflected by Letters Written During the Crisis, 1800-1860, have been compiled and are being published under the direction of and edited by Carter G. Woodson. Another line of important historical research has been that done by Mr. A. A. Taylor, an investigator of the Association. The first volume *The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction* has already been published and has received wide commendation, the second, *The Negro in the Reconstruction of Virginia*, is now in preparation.

In addition to these research volumes of the Association, the Director himself has been actively creative in similar work and has produced the following volumes, *The History of the Negro Church*, *A Century of Negro Migration*, *Negro Orators and Their Orations*, *The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861*, and the *Negro in our History*, all of which volumes have met with approval of the public.

At the tenth anniversary just closed the program covered a wide range of interest including the discussion of Negro life in Africa; present social conditions in America; educational conditions in America; and the present condition and future of the Negro in business; in the great Fourth Estate of journalism and the publication of newspapers, and in the remarkable development of the Negro Church. At the luncheon tendered to the delegates on the second day and the closing session of this Tenth Anniversary, those present vied with each other in praising the unusual, self-sacrificing service of Dr. Woodson, the founder and director, and the value of the work that has been done by the Association during its first ten years. The speakers stressed the necessity of more and more arousing Negro people to the importance of preserving the records of their activities and achievement in the present and past generations. So impressed were those present that a plan was launched for the permanent support of the Association. At this meeting nearly a thousand dollars in pledges and cash were secured, and a unanimous vote was passed for the appointment of a permanent committee to devise ways and means of raising an endowment of at least \$250,000 to insure the permanence of the work of the Association. With the present publications and the prospects of even more valuable volumes in the future, there stretches out before the Association an almost unlimited field of priceless service.

GEORGE EDMUND HAYNES.

Contributors

STUART CHASE, author of *The Tragedy of Waste*, is a member of the Labor Bureau of New York.

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The New REPUBLIC

Winter Book Section

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Practical Democracy

The Phantom Public, by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 205 pages. \$2.

WALTER LIPPMANN has followed his analysis of Public Opinion with a shorter and, if possible, even more pregnant, essay on The Public itself—the being or creature which forms and voices the opinion which is said to govern the state. His estimate of this being is condensed in his title: The Phantom Public. Yet, in the end, it appears that it is the public of democratic theorists which is the phantom, and that Mr. Lippmann believes there is a public, or rather many publics, which, although volatile, elusive, ignorant and shy may, by appropriate means be caught, precipitated, formed and informed, and be induced occasionally to appear—in public, one might say. And he believes that when properly treated and re-educated, these publics may with some considerable degree of efficacy and profit intervene in settling political questions, that is, in the conduct of government. Hence, while one might cite passages which, if divorced from their context, would give the impression that Mr. Lippmann was permanently “off” democracy, Mr. Lippmann’s essay is in reality a statement of faith in a pruned and temperate democratic theory, and a presentation of methods by which a reasonable conception of democracy can be made to work, not absolutely, but at least better than democracy works under an exaggerated and undisciplined notion of the public and its powers.

Thus, to my own mind at least, his contribution is constructive. The measure of the extent to which the romantic notion of democracy is tempered in his account is

that, even under much improved conditions, the public is not to govern but is to intervene, and intervene not continuously, but at critical junctures. Nevertheless, I can imagine a book similar to that of Mr. Lippmann being written at a time when the general atmosphere was not one of disenchantment, of fear of humbuggery, of protest against pretentiousness, of being over-fed with indigestible issues, which would be taken as pre-eminently a positive contribution to the workings of democratic forms of government. In short, the book expresses a revolt not against democracy but against a theory of democracy which, to paraphrase a quotation from Bentham at the close of the book, has distracted the understanding and inflamed the passions, and thereby enormously increased the difficulties of democratic government. For to be workable democracy demands allayed passions and clarified understanding.

The book is clear, extraordinarily so considering the fundamental and controverted issues it raises. Even if a summary of its argument were called for, Mr. Lippmann has already provided one covering its main points, which is better than any this reviewer could furnish. After stating certain tests by which public opinion might be guided in performing the function he assigns to it, he goes on to say that while he does not set great store by these especial tests, he does attach great importance to the nature of these tests, since that depends upon underlying principles. The negative aspects of these tests come first; and in them are resumed his criticisms of the enthusiastic, unchastened democratic theory. Executive action is not for the public. The intrinsic merits of a question are not for it. The

intellectual anticipation of a problem, its analysis and solution, are not for the public. The specific technical, intimate criteria required in the handling of a question are not for the public. The development of the reasons for these conclusions and a statement of what is left for the public to do in such a situation take up the first two-thirds of the book.

The argument turns essentially upon a distinction between the few insiders and the many outsiders, the insiders being the active forces, the outsiders being spectators, bystanders. "The actual governing is made up of a multitude of arrangements on specific questions by particular individuals." Governing not only is so made but it must be. Things are not done in general, they are done by somebody in particular. The things to be done in government are largely technical and professional. They are sufficiently complex so that they have to be the main business of some persons. The modern state is so large that the decisions made and the executions initiated are necessarily remote from the mass of citizens; modern society is not only not visible, but it is not intelligible continuously and as a whole. And, even occasionally, most of its special problems are not to be grasped by the outsider, who after all has his own life to lead, his own personal and domestic problems to deal with. Even in the city-state of Aristotle's time it was a problem how the gap between the limited capacities of the citizen and the complexity of his environment was to be bridged. The answer of Aristotle "that the community must be kept simple and small" is no longer possible of realization—nor, Mr. Lippmann might well have added, is the other part of Aristotle's solution, namely, that effective citizenship be restricted to men of leisure. The older democratic dogma has broken down just because it assumed an omni-competent citizen and the limitless capacity of public opinion. The extent of the failure of that doctrine is seen in the fact that in the last thirty years the ratio of the popular to the eligible vote has declined from eight out of ten to five out of ten.

The contrast often drawn between the efficiency of private action in business and the laxity and inertia of governmental action is not in truth a contrast between public and private enterprises, but between "men doing specific things and men attempting to command general results." The latter is in reality impossible; there is not enough unity in society; there is not enough common knowledge; and even if there were, action in general is nonsense. The pretense of a common mind and general action in behalf of things at large has only bred fictions, and these fictions have increased confusion, have put a premium on deceptions and propaganda. "The making of a general will out of a multitude of general wishes is not a Hegelian mystery, but an art well known to leaders, politicians and steering committees. It consists essentially in the use of symbols which assemble emotions after they have been detached from their ideas." The outcome of course is that action is as much determined in private by a few insiders as ever it was. But falsification has come in; acting for ends of their own, they claim to be the agents of a public will and to have public support and sanction, and to get the latter as a working force, they bamboozle the public.

The growth of communities in size and complexity has compelled organization on a vast scale. The effect has been "to concentrate decision in central governments, in distant executive offices, in caucuses and in steering committees." Thus upon one side are those who actually make decisions but can cover up the fact that they make them,

what they are, and how they are made, and pretend to be giving effect only to some popular mandate: at the other extreme, there is the politically confused, uncertain, more or less futile and discouraged electorate. "The lengthening of the interval between conduct and experience, between cause and effect, has nurtured a cult of self-expression in which each thinker thinks about his own thoughts and has subtle feelings about his feelings. That he does not in consequence deeply affect the course of affairs is not surprising."

The positive function of the public is, then, to intervene occasionally upon the work of the insiders, by taking the part of some of the insiders against others, to judge coarse and overt acts, and to learn to throw its weight to this or the other inside group by using some phases of external action as samples. To accomplish its task the public needs criteria; these are framed with the intent that the public may discriminate between the group whose policies genuinely further the public interest and those who are making use of the public to promote private ends. The essential point in arriving at this distinction is to find out which of the inside parties is least willing to submit its claims to open inquiry and least willing to abide by the result of adequate publicity. For the path of reason is the path of willingness to follow some regular rule; lacking insight into the substance of rationality in different proposals, the public may at least judge of its form, its method and spirit. Unwillingness to submit a case to inquiry is a sure sign of aversion to the regularity of reason and law.

This is only a summary and is dry, while Mr. Lippmann's full discussion, although abbreviated, is juicy. But I hope it may serve to indicate the spirit of the restrictions which Mr. Lippmann would have the public observe; observe, because they lie in the nature of the case: namely, the specific and complex nature of the problems; the remoteness of the public, and the preoccupation of its units with their own work and amusements. To the summary should be added, to avoid misconception, that Mr. Lippmann means by "insiders" something more than *political* insiders; more than governmental administrators and more than managers of machines. For they in many respects are outsiders. In industrial and economic questions it is, I take it, the active industrial leaders, whether capitalists or labor leaders, who are the insiders, and so on. Thus in effect Mr. Lippman's argument is a powerful plea, from a new angle of approach, for decentralization in governmental affairs; a plea for recognition that actual government, whether or no we like it, must be carried on by non-political agencies, by organs which we do not conventionally regard as having to do with government.

In spite of references to the decline of the activity of the electorate, the real import of Mr. Lippmann's criticism is, I suppose, that the electorate still attempts altogether too much; in the language of the older *laissez-faire* school, it is given to meddling.

One is struck, it may be noted in passing, by the fact that Mr. Lippmann makes no reference to the theories which would organize different social activities functionally, by occupational activities and interests. Probably the reference involved too much of an excursion into remote and speculative matters to tempt him. But it is difficult to see how even occasional intervening action of the general public is to be made effective in the ways which he postulates until the group activities upon which it is to operate are better organized and more open to recognition, more exposed to that "identification of the partisan" and his purposes which is the aim of democratic technique. It

is at least arguable that Mr. Lippmann's conception cannot be made workable without something that approximates a "guild" or "soviet"—please note I do not say Bolshevik—organization.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Lippmann's criticisms are not aimed in some degree at a man of straw. I would not say that no one has ever held the theory of democracy which he assumes to be the orthodox theory. But it is safe to say that such notions come for the most part after the fact; they are, in current cant, "rationalizations" of an accomplished fact. To borrow the language of James Harvey Robinson, democracy did not emerge as the realization of an ideal, good or bad. What is called popular government is rather the consequence of a large and varied number of particular happenings. It was Carlyle, no friend of democracy, who said that given the printing-press, democracy was inevitable.

It is open to doubt whether the spokesmen of democracy ever conceived its functions very differently from Mr. Lippmann's thought of them. To be the judge and the umpire in last resort, to be able to compel submission of important issues to popular judgment, to force political governors to appear now and then on trial before their constituents so as to give a reckoning of their stewardship; such, I think, were the not immoderate pretensions in the main of the men who actually forwarded the democratic movement in government.

That the difficulties in the way of intelligent performance of even such restricted tasks have immensely increased in later days, there can be no doubt. And this change makes necessary just such reconsiderations as Mr. Lippmann gives us. But it also renders his revision, when stripped of the logical irrelevance of Mr. Lippmann's previous dislike of some of the recent misguided activities of the public—exemplified in prohibition and in the legislation of Tennessee—a contribution to the technique of democratic government rather than a far-reaching criticism of it. It would be enlightening, as well as interesting, to get from Mr. Lippmann's pen a detailed analysis of the relation of prohibitory legislation to public opinion and popular voting. A discussion of the suitability of the affair for popular decision would clarify the whole subject. Is the objection one to the national public concerning itself with the issue at all, or is it to the kind of action taken? Presumably the former, since if it were the latter, the obvious recourse is continued appeal to democratic practice to modify its prior action. But if the former, then it would be interesting to know what protection there is, on any theory, against extreme and sweeping action on the part of those in power when they feel strongly on any question. Certainly, sumptuary legislation is not an invention of democratic government; and it is non-political features of modern society, such things as rapid and complex intercommunication by railways and newspapers which makes possible the present extensive mode of sumptuary legislation. Certainly Mr. Lippmann would be the last to trust to precepts and exhortation to governors to behave themselves to give protection from unwise legislation. But what is the way out? I do not see that the problem is more relevant to democratic government than to any other form. If it is now more acute, it is The Great Society which makes it so.

Granting the unwisdom of, say, prohibition or legislation about the teaching of science, it is hardly credible that faith in the omnipotence of the voter, in the existence of infallible public opinion and in the divine right of the majority has much to do with the matter. Not a par-

ticular theory of democracy, but dislike of the liquor traffic animated the prohibitionists, a dislike entertained from one point of view by moralists who regard cards, drinking and dancing as inventions of the devil; from another point of view by those whose deity is thrift or wealth, by large employers of labor, and by those who dreaded the political power of the saloon—and from many other points of view as well. And it is ardent theological conviction, of a kind, that animates those who pass anti-evolutionary legislation.

If it be said that democratic institutions give the public in question their opportunity to pass the laws, the reply is that the statement is true, but its implications take an accident for the essence. The Catholic Church is hardly a democratic body, but Darwin is on the Index; and if the Church were in complete control of schools, its action would not be less extreme than that of Tennessee fundamentalists. For those who think that the divine right which once belonged to ecclesiastics, and was then inherited by kings, has descended upon the populace, it is an undoubted gain to be taught that democracy is not automatic protection against abuse of power. But in any case the trouble seems to spring from stupidity, intolerance, bull-headedness and bad education, whether these traits decorate a monarch, ornament an oligarchy or supply the moral insignia of the populace.

I do not for a moment suppose that these remarks militate against the great value of Mr. Lippmann's discussion. But perhaps they suggest the need of further analysis, which should take account primarily of the inherent problems and dangers the Great Society has brought with it, with respect to which the weakness of democracy seems symptomatic rather than causal. They suggest that helpful as may be the improvement of the present technique by such criteria as Mr. Lippmann indicates, the further organization of society itself is the only sure road out. They suggest also the need of further discussion of publicity in relation to the public. The ethical improvement of the press would still come far short of meeting the question. The ultimate question is scientific and artistic: the question of making the press a continuous, systematic and effective revelation of social movements, including the desires and intents of the various groups of insiders. This is an artistic as well as an intellectual problem, for it supposes not only a scientific organization for discovering, recording and interpreting all conduct having a public bearing, but also methods which make presentation of the results of inquiry arresting and weighty. I do not suppose that most persons buy sugar because of belief in its nutritive value; they buy from habit and to please the palate. And so it must be with buying the facts which would prepare various publics in particular and the wider public in general to see private activities in their public bearings and to deal with them on the basis of the public interest.

I have omitted any reference to the feature of Mr. Lippmann's book which most appealed to the reviewer in his capacity of professional philosopher. Mr. Lippmann makes effective and penetrating use of the pluralistic tendencies of contemporary thought, including the theory that intelligence operates not of its own momentum but to adjust conflicts and resolve specific difficulties. This philosophical background gives his book a reach and force which distinguish it from almost all other contemporary writing in the field of affairs, and of which this review fails to take adequate account. But this notice is already too long, and with the editor's permission I hope to return to this phase of the matter later.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Revival of Sterne

The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne, by Wilbur L. Cross. Two vols. New Haven: Yale University Press. 620 pages. \$7.

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, by Laurence Sterne. Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Laurence Sterne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THERE are biographies which fairly deserve the adjective final. The reader may close them with the feeling that the account is closed, that little of moment will ever be added, and that practically nothing will be taken away. Of two such works Professor Cross has the unusual distinction of being the author. In the case of Sterne, even more than in that of Fielding, he is entitled to write *finis*. The present edition is based upon his *Life of Sterne* published in 1909. In the interval Professor Cross has had the opportunity to revise and supplement his work in detail, to draw upon the increasing knowledge of the period, and to make a notable addition, in Sterne's Letter Book.

Sterne is a subject offering an extraordinary opportunity to the virtuoso in biography, and in the course of his studies Professor Cross would seem to have dealt with every type of material and every sort of problem known to his craft. In the first place, Sterne's published works were essentially autobiography. Besides this he was a voluminous letter writer. He wove an intricate web of personal relations with men and women. He was involved in complicated family, business and professional situations. He was a striking and tantalizing figure in the provincial society of York, and in London and Paris, himself aware of the value of publicity and the subject of numerous self-appointed press agents. His sudden popularity and the serial form of his publication gave occasion for imitations and forgeries. He sat for portraits, sketches, caricatures in various moods to various artists. Professor Cross has scrutinized *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*, checking up their account of personal experience with external evidence found in correspondence, contemporary diaries, magazines and newspapers, the records of the cathedral city of York and the parishes where Sterne held livings. Nothing seems to have escaped his eye. He is baffled only by his inability to inspect Sterne's bodily remains, to verify or disprove the story of their last journey at the hands of the resurrection men to the dissecting table at Cambridge. But he has piously followed Sterne's wife and daughter, and his last sweetheart, the flamboyant Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, to their graves.

One opportunity indeed Professor Cross has by intention missed. No character in English letters affords such a temptation to the play of interpretative imagination, to the application of the methods of fiction, as Sterne. What a subject Sterne has become since 1909 for the psychoanalyst! Professor Cross is unmoved. He merely reprints with some additions the Character of Sterne from his earlier *Life*. He holds steadily to the direct method of biography, letting Sterne speak so far as possible for himself. And if Professor Cross clearly separates himself from the school of Lytton Strachey, Guedalla and Nicolson, his difference from Miss Lowell in her *Life of Keats* should also be marked. Miss Lowell deals with material and problems as minutely as Professor Cross, in the spirit of the amateur playing a royal game with her competitors, keen for the scent and hot for the quarry. To her biography was adventure; to Professor Cross it is a craft. To him

discoveries and corrections are all in the day's work. For example, Thackeray made great play with a certain suggestive letter of Sterne's proposing a visit to Lady Percy, usually dated April 1767, to show that Sterne's passion for Mrs. Draper revealed in the diary of that year, was insincere. Professor Cross notes that Sterne was too ill in April 1767 to visit anyone, that in 1766 he was abroad, and by a reference in the letter to a benefit performance to Miss * * * * * he dates it April 23, 1765, when Miss Wilford was the beneficiary of such a performance at Covent Garden. What a glorious time Miss Lowell would have had with this, and what a fall she would have taken out of Thackeray, devil's advocate and natural enemy of biographers. Professor Cross remarks laconically in regard to Sterne and Lady Percy that "it matters very little whether they passed the evening together," and relegates his discovery to a footnote.

That Professor Cross is fully conscious of the opportunity which Sterne affords to the modernist is evident. He remarks very truly that Sterne was "our first writer about whom people cared much to know—how he lived, how he looked and what he said and did when among his friends." Sterne's own publicity, however, was ample and sufficient in his own day, and merely needs to be revived in ours. Again Professor Cross notes Sterne's anticipation of literary attitudes which we are accustomed to think of as new in the twentieth century. "He would be amused," says his biographer "to know that we see in him, with some differences, a man of our own times. His 'psychology of impulse,' though he could never have invented a phrase like that, is ours. His sentimentality, in a measure, is ours, though his but played over the surface of the mind, while ours has crept into the depths of the subconscious." This suggestion opens a field of reflection and investigation which should become the basis of a study, supplementary to Professor Cross's, on the legacy of Sterne and his literary influence. Sterne wrote fiction when the form of the English novel had become somewhat defined by the example of picaresque fiction and the practice of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett. Sterne made it his object, consciously one must believe, to smash this stereotype. The biographical novel becomes an absurdity when the hero is not born until the third volume. The chief quality of the English novel, that which accounts for its continued vitality, is its flexibility, its lack of definition, its constant escape from fixed convention. Just when the novel form might have seemed to be hardening into an established mold Sterne interrupted the process. He made it a direct reflection of his own experience and consciousness. He enriched enormously its technical resources in method of characterization by behavior, attitude, and gesture; in his introduction of stage properties. Uncle Toby's pipe, for example, comes to have a value which we call symbolism. But his great contribution was his irresponsibility. His emphatic words abjuring the established forms of letter writing may be applied to *Tristram Shandy*. "To me, inconsiderate Soul that I am," he wrote to Miss Macartney, "who never yet knew what it was to speak or write one premeditated word, such an intercourse would be an abomination; and I would as soon go and commit fornication with the Moabites, as have a hand in anything of this kind unless written in that careless irregularity of a good and an easy heart."

This repudiation of literary morality and propriety was the counterpart of Sterne's attitude in life. His conduct, open and avowed, was altogether in defiance of the stereotype which the eighteenth century was endeavoring to enforce in opposition to the almost equally stereotyped license

of the Restoration. "This man," says Professor Cross, "who accepted life as he found it, was endowed with none of the grave virtues or contemptible vices described by moralists." He made a virtue of his return to nature. He gave full rein to his zest for living, his sense of play, his humor, his sentimentality. Professor Cross follows Watts-Dunton in explaining the constant amusement which physical instincts and natural functions of the body afforded him by the supposition that he had "little of the animal in him." Like Swift he was intrigued by the incongruity between such evidences of one's animal life and the spiritual nature to which all lay claim. All this did Sterne great disservice with the Victorians, for whom Thackeray speaks with authority. And yet the greatest of them were borrowers; and Bulwer-Lytton, in *The Caxtons*, was a shameless thief. It is fitting, therefore, that the twentieth century should recognize Sterne as a pioneer and example in inclusiveness of material, in delicacy of workmanship, in detail, and above all in freedom of form. In all that is most essential to the continued vitality of fiction *Tristram Shandy* is the forerunner of *Ulysses*.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Art in Painting

The Art in Painting, by Albert C. Barnes. Merion, Pa.: Barnes Foundation. 530 pages. \$6.

THERE was need of a book that should make clear to an inquiring student just how the structural elements in painting are related. Painting is a process of relating line and color and light. The process does not, of course, go on in a vacuum for there is always subject matter of some kind. None the less it is possible to make one's studies centre on the means by which expression is attained, and this is the principal theme of Mr. Barnes's book on the *Art in Painting*.

After an introduction which summarizes psychological aesthetics and the nature of aesthetic values in painting, there follows a somewhat detailed account of the functional characters: plastic form and subject matter, color and drawing and composition. The rest of the book is taken up with the demonstration of these characters in use, in European painting from Giotto to Segonzac. The author stresses relations in character as more important than chronology, and shows what similarities and differences there are in the use of the plastic means of artists who are remote from each other in time and place.

Mr. Barnes's book differs from any other that I know in the systematic thoroughness of these analyses. He does not treat of technique or handling, which concerns only the artist, but seeks effectually to make clear what will be of use to one who likes to look at pictures. He makes it clear, that is, that Giotto and Leonardo and Titian and Cézanne and Renoir have characteristic ways of getting effects by their ways of using color and light and line. Of course the book is intended to produce practical results, and therefore must be read in close connection with the seeing of pictures. Otherwise the resulting knowledge about it will be merely schematic.

I shall quote from the book a passage about the Italian painter Chirico, which gives in little the method of treatment.

He accentuates both the linear and the three-dimensional qualities of objects and figures, emphasizes space, and uses strange and extensive distortions.

Broad uniform areas of color enter into harmonious relations with each other and with designs made up of equally broad areas of accentuated light and shadow. The relation between the separate designs made up of color, light and shadow, and the linear elements representing subject matter, constitute his plastic form.

Read by itself this means very little, but if pictures by Chirico are before the reader's eye or clearly in his mind, the analysis will bring him into closer touch and will help a good deal to abridge the period of helplessness that intervenes between the moment when new pictures swim into one's ken and the moment when they become familiar and companionable.

Mr. Barnes, who is a chemist by profession is, so far as I know, an exception among men of science who have written about art, inasmuch as he applies the clarity of method which he derives from his professional studies to the real subject matter of art. Usually there is a tendency for the chemist to remain a chemist, the physicist a physicist, the biologist a biologist, and to deal with problems that the real lover of art hardly recognizes as belonging to the subject. Mr. Barnes is entirely free from this fault. He always deals with art as art without any bias from his professional studies. The chief defect of his work to my mind, is the consequence of another one of his major interests.

Mr. Barnes is actively interested in education and has created the Barnes Foundation as an educational institution. Of course the analyses of the type that I have described are educational in purpose, but Mr. Barnes is not satisfied to help the student approach all art intelligently; he also insists on telling the student what of good and bad he ought to find in the different works that are studied. Of Botticelli, for instance, Mr. Barnes writes,

In his famous painting *Spring* and also in his *Birth of Venus*, we find a marvelously fluid, graceful line winding in and around all the objects and making a succession of patterns which add to the charm of the line. But when we look for equivalent value in the other forms which make up the total plastic quality of the paintings, we find nothing except thinness. In other words, the facile, extraordinary, almost flamboyant decorative forms are accompanied by so little structural plastic substance, that we look upon the paintings as primarily high-grade decorations which cannot be considered seriously as works of great art.

Assertions of this kind are numerous and insistent. They are, furthermore, offered in a manner that implies an objective descriptive character similar to that of the analyses. In fact, however, their character is entirely different. The analyses have general significance. They are specific applications of a general method that is in its essence descriptive. The valuations are not. Mr. Barnes states the difference clearly on page 64. "The distinction between quality and its absence cannot be analyzed to its ultimate constitution"; "quality in painting is merely another name for the successful use of the plastic means"; what we can objectively demonstrate are the plastic means themselves. In spite of this recognition Mr. Barnes insistently and not incidentally, offers valuations to the student as though such valuations would mark the successful outcome of the student's observation.

I believe that there is in this a serious defect of method. Valuations are personal and not systematic. Mr. Barnes's scale of values points very clearly the direction of his own interest but it would be a great mistake on the part of any student to direct his effort towards a similar vision. If

that is his bent he will get there without having set himself a goal, and if it isn't he will by persisting tend to produce a dislocation between his genuine interest and what he thinks he ought to find. In this way is increased that already large amount of ineffectual striving for æsthetic conformity, and it makes no difference really, whether the conformity is to an established academicism, or to the latest academicism that is in process of becoming.

A tendency of Mr. Barnes's book is to insist on the importance of right opinion in artistic valuation, as though, for example, it were important that people should value Cézanne more highly than Whistler. Why it is important that they should do so is not made clear, and I doubt very much whether it could be made clear. The fact is that such right judgments are the results of particular experience, and depend for their rightness very largely on the quality of that individual experience. Mr. Barnes finds Whistler's work to be a "dead academicism," but no one who finds Whistler's work to be valuable would feel it as a dead academicism. Thirty years ago no one, I imagine, thought so, and thirty years hence this may be thought of Cézanne. Occasionally I find the growing points of some such opinion in myself even at this early date. I don't wish to insist on this, but merely to point out that particular valuations should not be taken too seriously as other than personal, and that teaching should not stress them.

It is a mistake, I believe, to attach much importance to the object of experience in art rather than the mode of experience. We assume commonly that people do not care for art and that they must be taught to do so. This seems to me absurd. The pleasure that most people find in music and shows of all kinds, in clothes, in decoration, in endless forms of what they find beautiful, proves the contrary. But a select portion of the public says that all this is not art, or in any case that it ought not to be considered as such. I think this an error in educational method. I believe that exactly the opposite view should be taken. It should rather be insisted on that all art is Art, and that all Art is art. Instead of permitting a distinction between the two, it ought to be insisted on that there is none. People should be taught responsibility for their preferences, and they should not be permitted to escape the consequences with a distinction between one kind of thing which is amusement and another which is art. An education that enables them to recognize what is good in art while they continue to amuse themselves with what is bad, is the worst kind of æsthetic education that they can have. A primary integrity is the important thing, and it makes much less difference what they care for, than how they care for it.

For reasons of this kind it seems to me an error in Mr. Barnes's treatment to impose upon the reader his own valuations. These are always intelligent and genuine as his own, but they have no validity except for the experience of which they are the natural consequences. When he tries to make others live up to them, he endangers the continuity of their experience. It is the common thing for learners to react in one of two ways to such teaching. Either they feel that they are wrong if they do not see what they "ought" to see, and then they try so hard as to achieve in appearance what they do not achieve in reality; or else they are rebellious and refuse to admit even what they see. Neither result is desirable. I think that it is much better to attach little importance to what they like, and great importance to their way of liking. A liking for good art is not a virtue but a fatality. One wants it seriously only when the less good does not satisfy. A developed responsibility is better than an educated taste. LEO STEIN.

Murder Most Foul

The Death of Christopher Marlowe, by J. Leslie Hotson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 76 pages. \$3.

DR. HOTSON will be envied and thanked by all students of the Elizabethan drama. Following what scholars call a presentiment, and the profane vulgar a hunch, he has chased the unknown slayer of Christopher Marlowe through the vast and dusty Elizabethan documents in the British Record Office and has finally landed him. Only those who have engaged in similar chases can appreciate the difficulties he overcame or know the eagerness with which he searched every untried jungle and the crowning joy of success. Dr. Hotson ascribes his success partly to luck, but the luck would never have come to one less well-equipped for the search or less persistent in following the chase.

What he discovered was the Queen's writ calling for the coroner's inquisition on Marlowe's death, the inquisition itself, and the Queen's pardon of the slayer. The name of this slayer was Ingram Frysar (or Frezer), a name previously unknown to students of Elizabethan affairs.

The inquisition does not give the evidence but only the finding of the jury. This is to the effect that on May 30, 1593, Marlowe together with Ingram Frysar, Nicholas Skeres, and Robert Poley—all described as of London or lately of London and as gentlemen (generosi)—went to the house—apparently an inn—of a certain Eleanor Bull, widow, "in Detford Strand," about ten o'clock a. m., and there passed the time together and dined and after dinner were in quiet sort together there and walked in the garden belonging to the house until six o'clock and returned from the garden and had supper together; and after supper Marlowe and Frysar fell to quarreling over the reckoning; and while Frysar was seated at a table with his back to Marlowe, who was lying on a bed, Marlowe suddenly drew Frysar's dagger, which was at his back, and gave him two wounds two inches long and a quarter of an inch deep; whereupon Frysar seized the dagger and in the struggle gave Marlowe a wound above the right eye one inch wide and two inches deep, of which he instantly died. The inquest was held on June 1, the day of the burial of Marlowe, the Chancery writ calling for the inquisition was issued June 15, and the pardon to Frysar, on the ground of self-defense, is dated June 28.

Dr. Hotson, though recognizing the unsavory character of Frysar and his friends—two swindlers and a professional spy—and the possibility that the story they told the coroner's jury was a concocted lie, inclines to accept their account as literally true. He may be right; but it is difficult to reconstruct the scene and event in accordance with the story; and of three lawyers to whom I submitted the inquisition two unhesitatingly declared that it read like a "frame-up," and the third said it might be true but seemed suspicious.

Certainly it seems strange that Marlowe lying on a bed in such a position as to draw Frysar's dagger from the belt at his back should have struck him on the head instead of thrusting it into his back, as he might more conveniently have done. Certainly it seems strange that the two friends of Frysar's, whose presence on either side of him is said to have prevented him from retreating before Marlowe, should not have been able to aid him in overpowering and rendering harmless a man so weak that his efforts to use the dagger resulted only in two flesh wounds a quarter of an inch deep. As evidence of Marlowe's unexpected attack these wounds

are, indeed, almost laughably absurd, and may well have been self-inflicted after the event. The speed with which the case was reviewed and the pardon procured points to the intervention of some powerful influence.

The statement of Meres still demands consideration, for Dr. Hotson's researches confirm, rather than counter, the ancient rumors. The slayer was "one Ingram" and the place "Detford," as Vaughan said. Allowing for a slight misunderstanding, Beard's location of the death in "London streets" was perhaps even more accurate, for there was a "London Street" not only in East Greenwich, as Dr. Hotson points out, but also in Deptford Strand—just south of the present Greenland Dock and South Dock. And Meres may have been as accurate as Vaughan and Beard. The rest of their statements are only slightly distorted renderings of the coroner's findings. But the story about the woman may have been idle gossip.

In any event, we still are keenly desirous to know the history of Marlowe's actions from May 20, when he appeared before the Privy Council, to May 30, the day of his death. During the whole of the spring of 1593 the Privy Council had been much concerned over rumors of intrigues and plots and many persons had been summoned to appear before it. The records of Marlowe's summons on May 18 and his appearance on May 20 are well known, but the cause of the summons and the reasons why he was "commaunded to give his daily attendance on their Lordships untill he shalbe lycensed to the contrary" are matters of conjecture only.

Marlowe's presence in Deptford at this time rather than at Thomas Walsingham's house at Scadbury is probably to be explained by his being still required to give daily attendance on the Privy Council. And it is not impossible that the fatal quarrel arose in some way from his suspicions of his companions, who may have been set to watch him. Poley, the former spy, is known to have been at that very time in government employ. It is greatly to be wished that someone would make a thorough investigation of the whole situation, including the charges against Richard Chomeley and Richard Strange and Marlowe's alleged connection with them, which are touched upon by Professor Boas in the Introduction to his edition of the Works of Thomas Kyd. Until this is done, the mystery upon which Dr. Hotson has thrown new light, will still remain to puzzle and invite.

JOHN M. MANLY.

Dialectics and Conduct

The Conduct of Life, by Benedetto Croce; translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 326 pages. \$2.25.

THIS is a brave book. It consists of the fugitive papers that Signor Croce began to publish in *Critica* in 1915, and it sums up and vivifies, more than that, it gives perfume and color to the ponderous volumes that this capacious philosopher has written upon Philosophy and History and Esthetics and Economics. Most of Signor Croce's formal treatises require such close reading and such a deep acquaintance with the technology of philosophic thought, particularly that of Hegel, that some of his main doctrines are persistently misunderstood and aborted by his random disciples. So, for example, his doctrines of æsthetics are used as a justification for a sterile æstheticism; whereas æsthetics, in Croce's own thought, is properly counter-balanced by his regard for what, in his own terms, one may

call the Practical phase of the Spirit. Among the philosophers who have adequately published themselves, no one except perhaps M. M. Bergson or Mr. Santayana has made such a robust effort to comprehend every facet of reality.

The spirit that breathes through this book is so vigorous, and it meets the world with such unflagging sensibility and such clear perception, that one welcomes it, apart from its specific doctrines, because of the reassuring port of the man behind it. To write on Virtue, Evil, Sin, Compromise, Objects of Worship, Sex, in short, upon the seven deadly platitudes without disguising triteness in paradox or becoming bashful with a consciousness of what other thinkers have said before is a great achievement; and Signor Croce has done it. If paradoxes make their appearance in his discourse, it is because his philosophy deliberately espouses them, and not because they are lugged in, like a dancer in a cabaret, to provide enough entertainment to offset the deplorable food on the table. Signor Croce has not merely created a philosophy, worthy to be put alongside that of Descartes, Kant, or Hegel: he has also given fresh life to the philosophic method; and though he has not, I think, escaped certain damaging errors in thought, he has contributed a healthy mood to the intellectual life.

The philosophic framework in which Croce's doctrines are set has reinforced both his virtues and his weaknesses. This framework was largely derived from Hegel. It regards the world as a continual process of becoming: "being" becomes "not-being" and "not-being" becomes "being"; and by the application of philosophic thought the thesis and the antithesis are united in a synthesis which includes these contradictory terms. Thus good and bad, peace and war, birth and death are not merely recognized in this philosophy; they are connubially united, that is to say, they do not merely exist side by side, but are *necessary* one to another. In discussing the problem of evil, for example, Signor Croce says: "By no means negligible is the rôle these unfortunates play in life by sustaining our abhorrence for baseness, treachery, or corrupt living, and therewith by deepening, strengthening, endearing to us our attachment to truth, rectitude, loyalty, clean living. They stand before our eyes as anti-ideals; and as we shrink from them we cling more anxiously and fearfully to the exercise of virtue."

One might reverse the aphorism of the eighteenth century Deist, and say that if there had been no devil, dialectics would have found it convenient to create him. To one who does not deliberately create philosophic hurdles, vice and evil do not play such a dramatic part: they are rather the symptoms of a defective adjustment to the environment, and they are a part of the world-order only to the extent that history discloses them to be there. Quantitatively, the ratio of evil and good appears to vary enormously from one period to another, whereas, in an insidious way, dialectics presumes that they balance; or, if it does not presume this, it is merely playing with words. Croce and Hegel turn the recurrent accidents of war or vice into a sort of divine necessity: they do not merely congratulate Dives on being rich; they derive consolation from the notion that Lazarus's poverty is equally necessary and, unlike the Pharisee, who only thanked God because he was not as others are, they also thank God because the others are what they are. It is no wonder Signor Croce goes out of his way to defend Dr. Pangloss from Voltaire!

Now what is valid in this Hegelian dialectic? What is valid is that it often gives an accurate description of the world we live in. The older logic held that contradictory statements could not apply to the same object: Euclid has

only to prove that a conclusion is in conflict with an axiom to dismiss it as "absurd." Common sense, which, as Signor Croce points out, contains the refuse of past philosophy, clings desperately to this logic; it asks that a man be a radical or a conservative, that he believe in a nirvana of peace or a shambles of perpetual butchery. In fact, however, these alternatives are not clean and definite; each contains a little of its opposite, for the most glorious war must eventually come to an end, and no peace can be guarded against the possibility of further struggle except through death. Hegelian logic permits us to recognize that the Devil's Disciple may be a picture of nobility; and that a conscientious, moral young man like Hamlet may cause more harm and suffering than his rascal of an uncle. Against the "either . . . or . . ." of common sense, Hegel and Croce say "both." And why not? We have a better grasp of reality when we recognize that it often works that way.

Besides making a bold application of this logic, Signor Croce has applied the principle of specialization to all the activities of the Spirit; he refers to the Spirit in its æsthetic phase, its dialectic phase, its practical phase. Unfortunately, he has refined these categories so carefully and delimited them so neatly that they are a perpetual embarrassment to the processes of his thought. Thus instead of saying that in mythmaking certain images serve men as daily objects of attraction or repulsion, he prefers the tautology of referring to "men" as "the spirit in its practical phase." Croce refuses to consider an object or a situation in its original integrity: it must be shattered, like a bone that has been badly knit, so that he may put it together again through the surgery of dialectics.

The chief objection to this habit is, first, that it is tedious and tautological; and second, that it sometimes leads to shameless logomachies and sleights-of-hand. The classic exponent of the Crocean philosophy is Pooh-bah in *The Mikado*; one recalls the scene in which Ko-Ko consults Pooh-bah upon the amount of money he ought to spend upon his wedding ceremonies, and Pooh-bah, as private secretary, urges Ko-Ko not to stint, since the city will pay for it; on the other hand, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is bound to see due economy preserved; as private solicitor, however, Pooh-bah advises him to chance it; but as Lord Chief Justice he is bound to see that the law isn't violated—and so on. By adhering to strict Pooh-bahvian principles Croce can at the same time set down the most lofty principles of moral conduct, for a compartment called the moral life, and sanction the principle that "business is business" as a maxim for practical affairs. Such principles do not lead to an honest division of work: they promote spiritual dilapidation. The notion that business is run efficiently only when it is managed by hard-boiled industrialists like Mr. Gary, and that it ceases, because of an inner dialectical conflict, to be sound economic enterprise when it is run by a Fels, a Dennison, or a Cadbury is sheer cant—the cant of the practical man who attributes his automatic success in business to his incidental follies and incapacities.

To separate the æsthetic, the moral, and the practical may facilitate clearness of thought; but it is inimical to the good conduct of life. There is a morality of business which, as Plato discerned long ago, is inherent in the occupation itself. The morality of the bootmaker is that he should create boots of stout leather and good workmanship, whereas Croce is constrained by his dialectic to say, I suppose, that the bootmaker's business has no moral concern; but of course the citizen in his political phase may bring

the law down upon the bootmaker for the shoddy methods he may use in his practical phase.

It is the same in Croce's discussion of the State, which he defends as a form "necessary to the progress of history." For him the "State is purely political—pure force, power, utility, devoid of moral character" and at the same time "the State is an ethical institution." To anyone who studies the natural history of communities both the apology and the apotheosis must seem a little inane. Positive science recognizes the State as a definite institution, which arose out of military conquest, and which tends to perpetuate its original forms of tribute and allegiance and to carry on a predatory form of institutional life, long after its original *raison d'être* has gone. Instead of regarding these predatory habits as inevitable, it shows, as Thorstein Veblen pointed out in *The Nature of Peace*, that they are archaic holdovers. When the philosopher sanctions the Power-State because it has existed historically, he is engaging in a sinister form of apologetics. I am afraid that we must understand Croce's doctrine of the State in the way that, according to him, all philosophic ideas must be explained—as the answer to an historic situation; and his Machiavellianism is little more than a mental defense of the conduct which Italy, in common with the United States and the other powers, has followed in dealing with her neighbors. Without the application of dialectic, that conduct would perhaps tend to give us a few queasy moments were we as candid as Croce in examining it.

In any great philosophy the defects tend to become as integral a part of the structure as its sound uprights and supports; it is for this reason that I have somewhat acerbically dwelt upon them in Croce. The use of the Hegelian logic, and the perpetual *discretion*—if I may use the word—of the whole person or the whole situation into a collection of categories, bound together in the mind of the philosopher, have caused Croce both to discover new truths and to invent, on occasion, more ingenious forms of dissimulation and casuistry. Yet his wisdom is so mellow and mature, and the impact of his thought is so unflinching in those essays that are not crowded too ruthlessly into the Hegelian mold, that one feels bound, in mere justice, to separate the man with his innate interests and capacities from the dialectician—caught himself in the net by which he sought to ensnare reality. Signor Croce's thoughts may sometimes be wrong in their direction; but he, supremely among the philosophers of his generation, has restored the dignity of thought itself.

Need we remind anyone, he asks, that

this life of thought and imagination is the origin and the creator of all practical life? That without it the "positive sciences," the sciences that are most utilitarian in the Baconian sense, would lose all encouragement and sustenance? That these same sciences would languish, dry up, come to an end, becoming more extrinsic and mechanical than they now are? Even social and political conflicts develop from premises of thought and from ideas evolved and pictured in the imagination. The very revolutionary classes themselves, now so noisily contemptuous of philosophy and literature, existed before they came into the world in the "mind of God," in the mind, that is, of some philosopher or poet. . . . At most it is possible to insult this philosopher or that poet, in their individual persons; but never Poetry and Philosophy. These rise and develop, and do their work, indomitable and dominant through the ages, from an intrinsic and insuperable need of the human spirit.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Romance of Actuality

XLI Poems, by E. E. Cummings. New York: The Dial Press. 54 pages. \$2.

I HAVE long suspected that impressionism, making its appearance in literature during the World War, was completely submerged under expressionism before anyone writing in English had even begun to realize its possibilities. *XLI Poems* confirms my suspicion. For while many of these poems are anything but impressionistic, it is the impressionistic ones that are most arresting.

Mr. Cummings's first book of verse, *Tulips and Chimneys*, was distinguished by a smooth sensuousness and a young vigorous romanticism that was very fine and very clean. His oddities of punctuation, which to some seemed freakish and unwarranted, were discovered upon analysis to be inevitable and indispensable elements of his pattern. Far from disregarding punctuation, he was putting it to new uses; and after reading a few of his poems one realized how much conventional punctuation would detract from them had he employed it.

But he rebelled against more than orthodox punctuation. The New Poetry had crystallized into three or four schools whose dogmas were in many respects even more rigid than those they had displaced; but Cummings disregarded them all, and came forth with a naïve approach and fresh material beside which much of the rest of contemporary verse seemed stilted and formalized.

For his material had the compulsion of the elemental; and that is even more apparent in *XLI Poems* than it was in *Tulips and Chimneys*. In his last book he has not been entirely content to rest on his laurels: he has exploited new fields. The impressionistic method that distinguished his prose book, *The Enormous Room*, is now applied in verse to portray Greek coffee houses in Boston. His only comment is that they are picturesque:

when i am in Boston, i do not speak.
and i sit in the click of ivory balls. . . .

noting flies, which jerk upon the weak
color of table-cloths, the electric When
In Doubt Buy Of (but a roof hugs
whom)

This is actuality suddenly made romantic by being rendered in its own terms, without moral or artistic implications. In another poem two Greeks and a Persian are completely characterized and graphically portrayed in a few words:

a has gold
teeth b pink
suspenders c
reads Atlantis

And atmosphere, produced with similar economy, is frequently packed with delicious humor:

there's a portrait
over the door very notable of
the sultan's nose pullable and rosy
flanked by the scrumptious magdalene
of whoisit and madame
something by gainsborough
just the playthings
for dust n'est-ce pas?

The most meticulous naturalistic description could not

establish the atmosphere of the coffeehouse more vividly. It is noteworthy, however, that the effect of actuality is obtained only by vitiating orthodox sentence structure and creating a kaleidoscopic entity in which each atomic unit is a bold daub of color.

Cummings's colloquialisms are always immediate and unaffected, literally the language of each place and subject as he finds it. His child poems are uttered with the spontaneous color and imaginative wonder with which children express things:

you forgot to shut
your big eyes.

and were you very sorry to come away?

This is real naïveness. And naïveness is Cummings's outstanding characteristic. In spite of his very evident sophistication and extensive literary background, his approach is always naïve; and all the weight of his training is merely ink for a pen impelled by a vibrant and elementally lyrical pulse of life:

i will wade out
till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers
I will take the sun in my mouth
and leap into the ripe air
Alive.

And he finds poetic material in everything that enters his life. Being a painter and a scholar as well as a poet, he composes an excellent poem on Picasso, Lumberman of The Distinct, and a magnificent sonnet on Froissart.

The romance which flooded the pages of *Tulips and Chimneys* with blue radiance is again present in *XLI Poems*; but in the new volume it is confined largely to the sonnet form. Yet in that form all the rich sensuousness of the songs and psalms of *Tulips and Chimneys* is again manifest. But Cummings also adapts the sonnet form to house his impressions of the city of today:

a fragrant sag of fruit distinctly grouped.
I have not eaten peppers for a week.

On this street the houses immensely speak
(it is nine minutes past six)

the well-fed L's immaculate roar looped
straightens, into neatest distance . . .

A new curve of children gladly cricks
where a hurdy-gurdy accurately pants.

and pompous ancient jews obscurely twitch
through the bumping teem of Grand. a nudging froth
of faces clogs Second as Mrs. Somethingwich

(with flesh like an old toy balloon)
heavily swims to Strunsky's,
Monia's mouth
eats tangerines looking at the moon—

This is a new technique, and quite properly so, for new material retains its vigor only as long as it escapes incarceration in old forms and formalization into new ones. And while the sonnet form is almost six centuries old, the poem just quoted is a sonnet only in that it has fourteen lines and

approximations to iambs and a rhyme-scheme. Fundamentally it is experimental.

Again, in the opening poem of the book, he juggles typography in such a way as to give the printed page the appearance of a line drawing of what he is saying in words. This is an experiment that is interesting and very amusing—doubly amusing in that it irritated reviewers who judged only with the mind's eye, and condemned the poem in their reviews by quoting only a few square inches of this combined poem and pencil sketch.

Of course such experimentation is frequently tentative, and occasionally fails. In the present volume some of the songs lack the intensity that would make them successful as poems; and some of the portraits, employing Proustian parentheses within parentheses, produce an altogether unproustian effect. (Of course it is quite likely that Cummings wanted exactly the kaleidoscopic effects he got.) But it is characteristic of lyricists—and Cummings is essentially a lyricist—that their work is uneven, and that they are frequently uncritical of their own productions.

It does not really greatly matter, either, for his success so far outweighs his failure that the latter is soon forgotten. The important thing is that he has brought to American poetry the new elements that have revolutionized the novel and the drama in Europe. Paradoxically enough he has employed this essentially decadent revolutionary technique to house material that is not in the least concerned with the neurasthenic introspections of his contemporaries, but is the elemental, robust throbbing of life, felt and expressed cleanly, naïvely, and without inhibitions or reservations.

Thereby he has tremendously invigorated and enriched American poetry, and has given it greater immediacy than the New Poetry rebels of half a generation ago ever dreamed of.

WALTER F. KOHN.

The Heroic Age of Medicine

The Life of Sir William Osler, by Harvey Cushing.
New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. 1375 pages. \$12.50.

THE methods of the biographer are, to a certain extent, prescribed for him by the recency or the remoteness of the life he is recording. In writing of Osler, Doctor Cushing was confronted with a task rendered unusually difficult by the fact that, though the world lost Osler in 1919, his spirit, his authority and his vision are still living forces in the development of American and British medicine. Another, and perhaps a shorter life of Osler will some day be written in which his immediate effect upon the present generation will be subsidiary to his permanent contributions to his period—in which he will take his rightful place near Huxley—and next to his beloved Thomas Browne.

For the time being, however, considered from the point of view of continued influence upon medicine, in our country at least, Osler has not yet died. His wisdom and his leadership are still at work among us. The purposes for which he labored, many of them just beginning to approach realization, are being guided by the younger associates and pupils whom, directly or indirectly, he inspired. In problems of training, in medical school and hospital organization—particularly in matters concerning the individual and public responsibility of the medical profession, his wise and earnest counsel, prophetically a half-generation ahead of his period, is more directly applicable and in some respects

more needed than it was when it was uttered. Doctor Cushing, thus, is writing of a contemporary whose mind is still a guiding force and has not yet become pure memory; and he has wisely chosen, therefore, to record instead of attempting to paint in an elaborate background of appraisals and appreciations. The work is about twice as long as Renan's *Life of Christ*, easily three times that of Vallery-Radot's *Pasteur*. Doctor Cushing is a distinguished brain surgeon, and the habit of picking about among the delicate wirings at the base of the human skull breeds a passion for detail that may have run away with him; and so, to the lay reader it will seem that a considerable number of letters from and to relatively unimportant people have been permitted to swell the volume into occasional tediousness. We are inclined to question, however, whether much that is presented could have been omitted without detracting from the value of the work, which is far more than a biography of Osler. For, through the eyes of one of the great physicians of his period we obtain a unique picture of what may be termed the heroic age of medicine. Osler's professional life extended from the early days of Pasteur and Koch to the modern bacteriological laboratory; from the time when surgeons operated in black frock coats, with red velvet pin-cushions on their waistcoats, through Lister and Billroth to the modern operating room. He learned to do autopsies from Virchow. He knew Huxley, Brown-Sequard and Charcot. He saw the birth and fostered the development of the present public health movement. Within the relatively short span of his active years the foundations of modern medicine were laid, a golden age of progress which left many behind, but with which he grew and in which he remained, to the very end, one of the most hopeful and youthful, and always representative spirits.

Osler's effect upon the reformation of medical organizations in this country, where his really significant work was done, was acknowledged before his death, and in spite of the sweeping changes of method that very recent years have seen, there is little question in the minds of the well-informed that the new vigor and progressiveness which led to such changes was brought to every institution, in turn McGill, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to which he came. That his early work at the Hopkins, together with Halstead, Welch, Mall and Kelly must be regarded as the true beginning of rational medical education in the United States is a matter of history, though he himself gives proper credit to the earlier impulse in this direction given by President Eliot's "sweeping changes in methods of teaching" at the distinguished Harvard Medical School. In spite of these professional achievements, however, it seems quite certain that he would not have left the great impression upon his generation which makes him a dominating figure, had he not, at the same time, been a great personality. And while, of course, a great personality like any other upward variant from the human commonplace is the gift of the gods for which we must be grateful without hoping to understand how it came about, yet there is food for contemplation in a survey of the influences by which Osler's natural gifts were developed and matured. For while educational system cannot bestow unusual qualities, it may easily facilitate their blossoming or frost them in the ground. When, under our present system, Osler would have been devoting himself almost exclusively to physics, chemistry and biology, say at seventeen, he was passing examinations in algebra, trigonometry, the Catechism, Roman history, Terence and Sophocles, and was laying the foundation of a depth of general understanding, of an enthusiasm for ideas, and of a moral balance that distinguished him from his fellows even more definite-

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ly than his purely professional achievements. As concerns the conduct of medical schools themselves, it may be well to realize that medicine is many professions and not a single one, and that it may be feasible in the future to liberalize entrance requirements, offering the highest scientific opportunities to those inclined by endowment and taste, to pursue the experimental and more distinctly scientific branches of the profession, but making room, on a minimum schedule, for others, who—like Osler—would develop most naturally in purely clinical and humanitarian directions. Indeed, if one makes an impertinent habit of inquiring, one should not be, but is astonished to discover how large a percentage of the most distinguished, successful and superbly skilful physicians, surgeons and practicing specialists have little memory, no comprehension and almost no need for the fundamental principles of science which they once studied and which are indispensable to the laboratory and clinical investigative branches. When they do use the results of laboratory progress, as they are constantly doing, they use them more or less as the average man uses a watch—without knowing exactly how it works. There may be some way by which this type of medical man may be given enough of the fundamental training which he needs to comprehend progress without dwarfing his education in other directions. It must be accomplished without lowering the standards or opportunities for intensive scientific training offered to the others, and the minimum required of all medical men must be sufficiently comprehensive to give the future clinician the mental equipment by which he can keep abreast of technical advances. Eventually it may be necessary to surrender to the inevitable and admit that preparation for medical training necessitates a specialization in the pure sciences so intense that only the exceptional individual can find time or opportunity for development in other directions. For the present, however, a sensible compromise is possible and we cannot afford to lose the Osler type in medical life.

HANS ZINSSER.

Democracy as Will and as Idea

The Moral Standards of Democracy, by Henry Wilkes Wright. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 309 pages. \$2.

Common Wealth: A Study in Social Philosophy, by G. G. Campbell. New York: The Century Company. 472 pages. \$3.

DEMOCRACY and the achievement of a good life are the subjects of both these dissimilar books. In the opinion of Professor Wright, however, democracy is not a means; it is an end in itself. Its first principle is not equality but community. "By community is meant the participation of all members of society in a good which cannot be divided into parts that fall to the exclusive possession of their individual owners, but which, since it is by nature a common good, can only be realized jointly by a group of communicating individuals" (p. 6). The early emphasis of democracy on equalitarianism he attributes to historical rather than intrinsic causes. The first devotion of men's efforts under political liberty to scrambling acquisitiveness is due to the sudden release of acquisitive capacities after long suppression under other forms of political control. Idealism has thus far failed to check the headlong rush toward selfish satisfactions because it has "made no connection with the impulses and motor activities of individuals through which alone it could be realized" (p. 162).

In a courageously asserted idealism, however, we shall still find salvation. Intelligence is a selective instrument by which we may direct our action (Professor Wright repudiates behaviorism as a guide in social psychology) and can elucidate universal values which men may pursue in community of thought and feeling. If there are to be found "any motor activities that are capable of bringing home to the human individual the infinitely varied content of universal human experience" (p. 75) then the ideal of democracy, this community of experience, can be made real.

The forms of human association are three: discussion, in which ideas are shared; coöperation, in which practical adjustments are shared; and imaginative sympathy, in which there is a community of fancy and feeling. Does democracy utilize these three instruments for the realization of itself? Or does human activity continue inevitably to be conditioned by ignoble impulses while ideals tantalize and deceive? The end is still far off, Professor Wright admits, but he insists that the path is visible. The moral standards can be attained by a conscious, intelligent effort to find their reality implicit in all social relations. Certainly democratic society affords unlimited scope for all forms of association; for discussion, in politics; for coöperation, in industry and commerce; for imaginative sympathy in the love of art and the love of nature. How we are to conduct ourselves in order to take advantage of these opportunities is set forth with good sense and sober reason in Professor Wright's chapters on The Development of Social Institutions, on Public Opinion, Education, Industry, and Social Life.

Doubtless many readers will find this thesis unsatisfactory. They will say that the author begs his chief question by seeming to assert that democracy can set up and attain to valid standards whenever citizens conceive of their political organization as a social community and consciously seek community as an ultimate good. Is "nationwide intercommunication among fellow citizens" (p. 303) a social standard of sufficient authority and value? At any rate this book makes a convincing case for its idea. Those who question it deeply will probably be found among the seekers after absolutes.

The end of the argument, in ethics, comes back to the family. Here new personalities are created and prepared for the wider opportunities of democratic life. On the fecundity and solidity of the family, says the old-fashioned exordium, rests the possibility of social fulfilment.

It is naturally a descent to a grosser atmosphere to pass from this book to Mr. Campbell's *Common Wealth*. At considerable length, Mr. Campbell attempts to think through from the beginning some of the principles of capitalistic economics. New terms are suggested which are not self-evident improvements on the old definitions, and occasionally the reasoning wanders into by-paths of fallacy which challenge a reader's critical judgment even when they do not impair the progress of the argument.

Briefly put the argument is this: The accumulation of an economic surplus beyond mere sustenance is possible only through the exercise of the skill of a necessarily small minority of citizens. The devotion of this surplus to the common good is possible only if the minority realizes its responsibility and uses its powers for the extension of production and the enrichment of the body politic. All forms of state interference with the entrepreneur are dangerous and only a few of them can be beneficial. Hence we must keep our economically skilful minority free and the universities (sic) must educate its members in social vision.

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acquires this coherence and wealth can survive the coming "crisis in racial economic life" when "the principle of the Survival of the Fittest will be demonstrated as never before." Other methods are useless. Science cannot indefinitely extend food production and birth control is "almost puerile" because "maximum reproduction is a universal biologic law" (p. 459).

Thus it would appear that the communal ideal toward which Mr. Campbell would have our young capitalists educated is the repression of instinctive individualism in order to give power to the selfishness of the racial group. He offers what is called an attack on community economics along "new lines" and arrives at familiar doctrines conditioned by a "law" of biological survival among races against which some modern thinking is profoundly in revolt.

Probably ineluctable differences in mental make-up will lead readers who look into both these books to call one of them wisdom and the other nonsense. Putting all questions of dialectic aside, the consideration of our common social and political enterprise as economic blood and iron leaves a stale taste in the mouth. Consideration of democracy as a moral ideal does leave us with a glimmering faith and some self-respect. We are grateful for that.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Most Proper Reading

Catherine the Great, by Katharine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 331 pages. \$4.

Peter the Czar, by Klabund, translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 152 pages. \$2.

FRANCIS BACON divided history into three categories: chronicles, lives and narrations. "Of these," he wrote, "although the first be the most complete and absolute kind of history, and hath most estimation and glory, yet the second excelleth it in profit and use, and the third in verity and sincerity." With Montaigne also this second form of history was in great favor: "Now those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within, than upon what happens without, are the most proper for my reading." In some three hundred years the number of people who share this taste seems to have been steadily growing. Either because this incredulous age prefers fact above fiction, or because novels are not as well fashioned as they used to be, readers and authors alike are turning away from the confections of fantasy to the ready-made dramas inhering in the days and works of real men and women.

If a copy of Miss Anthony's life of Catherine the Second were to find its way into Limbo, one can imagine Messrs. Bacon and Montaigne perusing it with enjoyment. Although the book satisfies only indirectly the demand for a useful work, it would pleasure both these gentlemen because of the author's interest in counsels rather than events, in what sallies from within, rather than what happens without. Miss Anthony has fulfilled the fundamental obligation of the biographer: she has presented a plausible psychological hypothesis as to the motivation of her heroine's conduct. Lacking such a theory, a biography is no better than an overgrown paragraph out of an old Who's Who; having one, it possesses the virtue which leads all the rest. Miss Anthony makes out the great Catherine to have been a homely little girl, the daughter of an impoverished house,

who saw her brothers take precedence over herself in her mother's affections, who saw that mother dominate the household, who could look forward to no very brilliant future, and who, when she saw her chance, seized it and allowed nothing to stand in the way of her keeping her place. As in the excellent work on Margaret Fuller, the author weaves her heroine's youth into her age with such nice skill that one never ceases to appreciate how truly the child is father to the man—or, as in these cases, mother to the woman. One is less vividly aware of the liberal autocrat of all the Russias, of the strenuous participant in the international game as it was played two centuries ago, than of the plain little Lutheran parvenue who became one of the most successful tyrants the half-Asian empire ever knew.

This word "parvenu" recurs again and again in Miss Anthony's portrait of her heroine. "Catherine's favorites were parvenus; they owed every copek to her . . . The Empress herself was a parvenue; but the nobles of Moscow were not . . . While the Empress criticized their dirt and ostentation, she knew that from the point of view of Moscow she herself was a parvenue . . ." (p. 192.) "Sie hatte die Eitelkeit eines parvenu, eines self-made man," says Brückner, borrowing from both French and English to express her quality." (page 228.) "It was a source of lifelong chagrin to her that she came to Russia without a bridal chest . . . Because she had come without sheets to Russia, she was obliged to put through the partition of Poland." (page 66.) "When the news of the French Revolution reached Russia, Potiomkin and the Empress . . . had all the reactions that might be expected of parvenus under the circumstances." (page 313.) One is almost ready to believe that all the Empress's acts, from the coup which set her on the throne to her taking of a Russian for her second lover, from her looting of Poland to her christening of her first grandson by the "pompous name" of Alexander, were simply expressions of the nature of a shrewd, resolute, capable, adventurous German princess of the tribe of Becky Sharp.

Not that Catherine's personality was a simple one. She did not shrink from conniving at the murder of her husband. She mistreated the first-born son whom she had so easily allowed the Empress Elizabeth to kidnap. She ruined her favorites, and though she had a round dozen of lovers, she "never learned to love." She professed the most democratic views and when the Revolution broke out in France she invited the émigrés to Petersburg. And with all that, she was the correspondent of men like Grimm and Voltaire. She dared the Fates and even that voluble Medusa-public opinion, by welcoming vaccination, and establishing a hospital for women infected with venereal disease and a home for foundlings, which were among the first institutions of their kind in Europe. She codified the laws, and in her famous Instruction to the legislative commission which she summoned, she was so radical as to suggest the gradual abolition of serfdom. At the same time she was instrumental in the actual enslavement of the Ukrainian peasants. Certainly not one easily reducible to a formula, this woman at once aggressive and good-natured, hard-working and sociably inclined, generous, clever, and cruel, and intensely vain.

Miss Anthony has treated her subject with quite the verve which that imperious female demands. She has shown us an Empress who is as much a creature of flesh and blood as our grandmothers, with money troubles and family quarrels and love affairs and illnesses and offspring not so very different from theirs. We live with the lady in her eighteenth century world. Little Fike's parents, her aunts, the

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One deplores an occasional slip in the translation of some Russian word or in a statement of fact. Christianity was not introduced into Russia in the eleventh century, but in the tenth. The society of Zaporogue Cossacks mentioned by Masson and referred to as a myth was as much a fact as the existence of Catherine herself. These two lapses, which occur in the paragraphs on the history of morals in Russia, cannot, however, much detract from the interest of this passage. (pages 42-44.) If one may again quote Montaigne: "It is not of so dangerous consequence, as in a medicinal drug, whether an old story be so or no."

Klabund's Peter the Czar makes no pretence of being "so." The facts are simply slapped in the face. Fiction tramples upon history. Peter's mother, who died when he was twelve years old, for no ostensible purpose except perhaps to simplify matters, is killed off when he is born. Peter's son, who perished fifteen years after Petersburg was founded, is disposed of by this biographer before his father thinks of erecting that city. The narrative moves with such disrespect for the category of time that the succession of events is a very uncertain matter. Such a handling of the material would be justified if the result were satisfactory. But the book is no better fiction than it is history. The style is idiosyncratic, image-ridden, incoherent, swinging between the extremes of hysteria and baldness, of sophistication and naïveté, in short, what the Germans call expressionistic. Indeed, Alfred Henschke, who goes by the pseudonym of Klabund, is a prolific writer in this vein, and as a poet has achieved distinction. His application of the expressionistic technic to the stuff of history cannot, however, be said to be successful in this instance.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Irving Berlin

The Story of Irving Berlin, by Alexander Woolcott.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 237 pages. \$2.50.

NO ONE gives a damn if it's music or not. ("Pack Up Your Sins.")

These three: Gershwin, Kern and Berlin, overlook the world of popular song, American style. Gershwin is blazingly in the ascendant, with an unusual technical equipment, conscience or ambition enough to use it for better scoring than has been known in this field, and a fund of original melody and rhythm which one hopes is inexhaustible. Kern's fund is less, and as one recognizes, time and again, the structure of *You're Here and I'm Here* in a new dress, one wonders whether he has passed his zenith—though a Raggedy Ann suspends the doubts. Meanwhile, as comets pass and disappear, there remains the fixed star, first magnitude: Irving Berlin, born Israel Baline.

The really amazing portion of the book under consideration is its list of Berlin's published songs. Commencing with 1907, it includes about 300 which are his, words and music; of these somewhere around 75 have probably been whistled in Finland and Borneo, and would awaken memories in Singapore as in Seattle. A study of this list should demonstrate Berlin's title to his position, somewhere ahead of the front rank, which seems to rest on three main bases.

First, it now seems possible that when he dies (and he is only thirty-six), they will be playing his latest song around

the corner, and new lilts and phrases will be dying with him. Already, the then unborn children of some of those who bought 1,500,000 copies of Alexander's Ragtime Band, have been among those who, in January, 1925, bought 300,000 copies of *All Alone*. For fifteen years he has poured his ideas into the market; today, as Mr. Woolcott remarks, he is publishing less, but averaging better, than ever before.

Second, his range is of unequalled breadth. Those who go into the horrid subject of popular songs make the surprising discovery that they are not all alike. Thus one type, at its best, is delicate, lightfooted, often ingeniously embellished. This describes most of Kern's work; it describes Harry Carroll's *A Kiss for Cinderella*, it describes Berlin's *Lovely Girl on the Magazine* and *A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody*. A related class, equally melodious and decorated but more robust, is also more often heard as the musical-comedy composers develop in skill and in taste; here may be placed the gifted Gershwin's *Somebody Loves Me* and *So Am I*, and here, Berlin's *Lady of the Evening*, and *Tell Me, Little Gypsy* (with the essence of ragtime in a two-bar accompanying passage in thirds). There is a languorous, passionate, and slightly melancholy genre of an Oriental tinge, in which he is unsurpassed with *Bird of Paradise* and *That Hula Hula*, the latter rendered perfect of its kind by the unexpected minor in the antepenultimate note. Those pompous march-two-steps, *Pullman Porters on Parade* and *International Rag*, have set a million bald bankers and fat dowagers treading down halls on each other's toes. For ragtime for its own sake, see *Lazy, Say It With Music*, and the crackling *Rag-Picker*. For the vulgar masterpiece, pass by *In My Harem* to *That Society Bear* ("that rich society bear"), a song whose words and music should be committed to memory by every well-bred child, against excessive refinement. Berlin has written little true jazz (grotesquely or savagely syncopated rhythms calling for tom-toms and the most gruesome tools of a jazz orchestra), but he has set up two marks to be shot at in *Everybody Step* and *Pack Up Your Sins*, perhaps another (speaking from one hearing) in *Bandanna Land*. Gershwin is shooting at them. His waltzes lack the fresh spirit of the Viennese (though they sell enormously), and he has sinned with the sentimental "ballad," but a certain sincerity, properly mentioned by Mr. Woolcott, enables him to plead not guilty of such as *Poor Little Girl*, *She Didn't Know*. He has written songs called "blues," but (so far as the writer knows) no blues. Go to Handy for them. With no musical education, he could not well produce the brilliant instrumental exercises in which Confrey leads. He seems to have done pretty nearly everything else. For the very reason that his output is so varied, with the important added consideration that the texture of his songs, as distinguished from the airs, has necessarily been the work of various arrangers, it is more difficult to isolate a general earmark for all his work than for that of his contemporaries. Mr. Woolcott, one takes it, would fix on melancholy as his most characteristic mood, and this would seem to be borne out by his slopping over a bit in the "ballads"; moreover, in his ragtime itself his jauntiness is very often wistful, even a shade pathetic: he is little Mose, the rag-picker, who "hasn't anybody he can pick upon—so he picks on a grand piano." But Mr. Woolcott recognizes that on this basis no one would identify as Berlin's, say, *Everybody's Doing It*, and indeed, few composers have written exclusively in a single mood. There will be no attempt here to close the question.

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Third, he writes his own lyrics, and a good job, too. A born prosodist, he probably has yet to write a phrase in which the verbal accent fails to coincide with the musical. F. P. Adams has celebrated his successful insertion of a "nevertheless" into a song; he is also the man who introduced into five consecutive lines of a single swinging chorus, the names Columbus, Hudson, Benjamin Franklin, Edison and Marconi, each duly commencing its own clause. How *I Hate to Get Up In The Morning* will demonstrate that he is a humorist, though Mr. Woolcott points out that, relentlessly commercial, he sticks as a rule to the banalities which he knows will sell songs.

Here, then, we have this young Russian Jew who, like the young English Jew of the movies, annoys some good people by being said to have genius. Genius, those feel, should confine itself to higher spheres—music, for instance, and the writer is assuming that popular music is not music, even if it is something else of the same name. There may be others to answer Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason when he says (in *The American Mercury*) in substance, that to condemn a lover of music to sit through a Paul Whiteman concert is to closet a Shelley with a schoolboy whose poetic ideal is "The boy stood on the burning deck." Yet, Mr. Mason in the same article showed that the andante movement in the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven was built up from a musical idea which in its original form would be banal for Berlin. It is not suggested that the latter is a Beethoven manqué. But is it not possible that if Izzy Baline, who can neither read nor write down music, had had Mr. Mason's training and background, the result would have been very solemn and ponderous biographies? Whether so or not so (since it is not for what he might have done that we celebrate Berlin), the biography before us is not uncalled for.

It is a readable biography, always interesting, somewhat padded with digressions designed to convey the East Side atmosphere in which Berlin somehow grew up. Mr. Woolcott, a distinguished critic, seems less at home in narration than in discussion; one suspects he has boned up a bit on Guedalla, Strachey, perhaps Beer. That is relatively unimportant. There is enough of drama, of color, and of flashes of character, enough sympathy, ample honesty, to make the life worth reading. There is, again, that list of songs.

ABBE NILES.

Youth and the East

Youth and the East, an Unconventional Autobiography, by Edmund Candler. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 331 pages. \$6.

THE youth, fostered at a great public school (I suspect Eton) and at Cambridge in the days when "the Yellow Book and the Bodley Head were the last word in our esoteric circle," is Mr. Candler's own, and he writes about it with that impersonal intimacy which is the only way a proper Englishman can write about himself at all. The East, where the youth was spent, is of course India. It is not India solved or interpreted—"I grew tired of Hinduism, even more tired of it than I was to become of diarchy and hybrid Indian politics." It is not even scenic India, "for when one has lived long in a country—long enough for the salient things to lose their points and edges—one cannot write vividly about it." But about the India which is the background of an Englishman's life,

there, the India where a modest school-master can take his vacations—shoot a pink-head or a scaup in jhils overgrown with purple lotuses, or ride up from steamy valleys to the high Himalayan pasture, where at 18,000 feet anemones flower "as thick as daisies, white, mauve, purple, and yellow"—about that India he manages to write vividly enough. And of the East, as young men of his generation dreamt of the East, he does not grow tired. It is always a strange land, an alien paradise, but simply to be there is an adventure. This is the Westerner's Orient, the idea that drew men as ingenuously romantic as the young men of Mr. Candler's day to go and fight crusades. I am not sure our greatest claim to dominion in the Orient does not lie in the part it has always had in our dreams. At any rate, even at Devagiri, where he taught school and tutored the Rajah's nephew, Mr. Candler does not forget:

• Devagiri had certain disadvantages . . . The heat was stifling for nearly nine months in the year. And the Rajah's brother was a dramatist. We had to go to his plays . . .

but "in the cold weather when the duck and snipe came from the North, it was demi-Eden." And before his term at Devagiri was up the romantic Djinn he believed in had turned him into a war correspondent overnight and sent him with Younghusband into Tibet. His book, the *Unveiling of Lhasa* has become a classic of its kind.

Youth and the East is not a straight autobiography, but a series of autobiographical essays, a delightful form, free from the dreary march of dates. There is a chapter on Terminology, which is the religion of the traveler—the thinking of the place and the going there. Early in life the author contracted "the vulgar, vicious, and transatlantic habit of ticking places off." One terminus was the Gulf of Tonkin to be reached from the east coast of Indo-China.

One feels the poetry of the terminus in a mountain pass, or the source of a river, or the summit of a peak, or the end of a forest or desert, where one touches open country or pasture-land. One marks these boundaries with a cairn. But one feels like building a pyramid when one comes out at the sea. Here definitely is an end and an accomplishment.

Mr. Candler's chapter on the Indian Student is in the vein of *A Passage to India*. Yet he treats the dilemma with a kinder pen. He is not personally bitter. If there were "penitential hours of routine in which my students and I murdered and dissected the English classics," yet "outside, on the cricket and football field, we were something like a fraternity."

The War starts him traveling again, this time in the nearer East, magic names studding the page. "Artvin and Ardanuch, Samsun, Trebizond, Koweit, Muscat." It is too bad that he has not finished this volume with an essay on Books or Places? to match the beginning chapter called Books or People? in which he finds characters in fiction more interesting than people in life. That would be a harder conundrum for his taste. But I see him slipping through a knothole. He remembers the day he spent at Delphi under the shining Phaerides, or his afternoon siestas in the Shan States when he smoked and read Browning or the Golden Treasury—something pocketable—beside his tethered pony. The burden of this essay would be "both."

E. VINCENT.

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Vive le Roi!

Memoirs of Léon Daudet, translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. New York: The Dial Press. 310 pages. \$5.

LÉON Daudet is described as the bad boy of French politics, and so he is—a rather dirty little boy with an inexhaustible supply of spitballs and stink-bombs. His father was generous, warm-hearted Alphonse Daudet. He has known every literary, artistic, medical and political figure in France. He has fought innumerable duels. He wants to restore the monarchy in France. He hates the Jews, Emile Zola, Germany and Ibsen worse than rat poison. He began life as a physician, and is ending it in a cesspool—largely of his own manufacture.

This infuriating but readable book contains selections from the six volumes of *Souvenirs* published between 1915 and 1922. In its pages every personage you ever heard of makes his brief appearance, usually followed by exile under a shower of catcalls and rotten turnips from the author. Toward a very few people Daudet displays decent human enthusiasm, toward some others a semi-tolerant mockery, but toward the majority the most unsparing, malevolent derision. His derision is that rare corrosive variety, at times almost the product of genius, which makes its victims unforgettably ridiculous in spite of our certainty that they are being unfairly treated. Borne along on the torrent of ridicule are flashes of brooding insight, brief lightning gleams of phrase. But Daudet never seems aware of the difference between his masterly, vivid little thumbnail sketches and the filthiest abuse, so that his recollections remain like a garbage can in which some fine things have been thrown away by mistake.

Renan's face was "like that of an elephant who has lost his trunk." In Flaubert's study "old literary quarrels transformed into spider webs hung from the ceiling." Zola, "a pig who succeeded in passing himself off as a wild boar," was "so nervous that he spent his time unscrewing all the metal fixtures in the compartment of the train." Leconte de Lisle "had a handsome, clean-shaven face, and wore a haughty expression behind his monocle, but he smelt of the leather-bottomed chair." Sully Prudhomme's mind "was like a limpid stream, in whose depths appeared occasionally the shadow of a blackboard." "It is no little thing"—as Geffroy did—"to have learned the story and the life of one of those portions of Paris where the stones are never silent, whispering all day, crying all night." "I feel Proust is haunted by memories of himself, that he hears constantly the sound of a thousand tiny streams flowing through his veins which have their sources in the hearts of his ancestors and his own youth." "Other artists of the same period were a rather talented cockroach called Boldini, and Helleu, black, thin and venomous. . . . I always expect to hear that Helleu has poisoned himself by swallowing some of his own saliva, or that Boldini has given himself blood poisoning by scratching his own leg." "The treacherous and envious Turgenev." "The poor old lunatic"—Tolstoy. Ibsen—"that combination of a Schopenhauer and a beergarden hellcat . . . whose laughter is a grimace, whose melancholy is a prolonged stomach-ache. . . ." "That worm of an Arthur Meyer, Prince of Cowards." We are not surprised to find that a man of these discriminations wants "to shout, run about, to jump up and down, to sing, and incidentally make mince-meat of those who keep him in exile," when he meets his Royal Highness, the Duc d'Orléans, pretender to the throne of France.

After wading through similar pages of recollected railery

and dung, enthusiasm and vitriol, wild nonsense and devilish understanding, we can see why he is one of the most cordially detested of Frenchmen, and why he has had to fight so many duels. But even though we have never known or cared about most of his victims, a strong itch arises in us to make their grievance ours and to haul Léon Daudet by the seat of his pants through every sewer in Christendom, Jewry and Zanzibar.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Some Books in Economics

The French Debt Problem, by Harold G. Moulton and Cleona Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 459 pages. \$2.50.

Profits, by William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 465 pages. \$4.

The Tragedy of Waste, by Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. 296 pages. \$2.50.

Purchasing Power of the Consumer, by William A. Berridge, Emma A. Winslow and Richard A. Flinn. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Company. 318 pages. \$4.

What the Coal Commission Found. Edited by Edward Eyre Hunt, F. A. Tryon, Joseph H. Willits. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. 416 pages. \$5.

The Miner's Freedom, by Carter Goodrich. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 189 pages. \$2.

Organized Labor and the Law, by Alpheus Thomas Mason. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 265 pages. \$2.50.

Labor Economics, by Solomon Blum. New York: Henry Holt and Co. 579 pages. \$4.

American Economic Life, by Rexford Guy Tugwell, Thomas Munro, and Roy E. Striker. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 633 pages. \$4.50.

TAKING books on economics as they come from the press and laying aside those of strictly technical or special interest, we find among the rest some which are important, or if not important at least potentially useful. Though an omnibus review cannot justly criticize any major work, it may be of use as news to readers. Some of these volumes may subsequently be reviewed at greater length; one or two will not be reviewed in the New Republic because it has already published generous excerpts from their contents.

The French Debt Problem, by Harold G. Moulton and others of the staff of the Institute of Economics, has previously received editorial mention. Its careful examination of the facts, so far as they can be ascertained, indicates that the French budget has been and is still far from balanced, that no easily conceivable increase of taxation or reduction of expenditure would balance it, and hence that the only way to stay the course of inflation is, after making all other necessary adjustments, to cut the rate of interest on the internal debt. A review of the political situation leaves one to infer that it is doubtful indeed whether the essential measures will be adopted. While of course such a set of conclusions invites hostile criticism, no critic has been able to marshal such an impressive array of figures or to present so persuasive an analysis. Daily reference to this important work is necessary to understand the current news despatches. It is a striking example of applied economics at its best.

Profits, by Foster and Catchings, is a sequel to their entertaining and suggestive *Money*. It is the one book of the list



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Owing to a regrettable incident of the war the electroplates of Jowett's Dialogues of Plato were lost, with the result that the book has been out of print for some time and very high prices have been charged for copies.

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which seriously attempts a contribution to traditional theory. After a description of the function of profit in the economic order, and its nature under existing conditions, it presents a qualitative analysis which attempts to show that there is a causal relationship between the making of profits and the fluctuation of purchasing power in the hands of consumers, which brings about industrial depressions. The hypothesis is similar to, but not identical with, J. A. Hobson's theory of "over-saving," and it deserves careful study. This volume while original in its conclusion, is more nearly in the neo-classical tradition as to method than any other in the list.

Chase's Tragedy of Waste is in part already familiar to readers of the New Republic. The book is more rounded as to definition and theory of waste, as to qualifications, as to details of certain areas, than were the articles.

Purchasing Power of the Consumer contains the first, second and third prize essays submitted in the competition of the J. Walter Thompson Company, an advertising agency, for a statistical study of the subject. Dr. Berridge has prepared indices of the incomes of factory workers—not in the form of average wages received by individuals, but in the form of total incomes for industrial groups and for factory wage-earners as a whole. Dr. Winslow has based her study on family budgets, showing variations in expenditure for several classes of income receivers at various levels of income prices. This method would make possible distinctions—if adequate data were available—which would be of great usefulness not only to advertising agencies but to others. Mr. Flinn uses the employment office index of New York state as the basis of his calculations. The book is important, not so much for the information it contains, as for the suggestions on method, the indications of lacking data, and especially for the testimony it furnishes that the business world is beginning to take cognizance of the worker as a consumer rather than merely as a producer to be left at as low a wage-level as possible.

What the Coal Commission Found is an admirable summary, by the several experts employed by the Commission, of its findings and recommendations. It ought to be widely consulted every time coal is under discussion; in fact it will have to be consulted by those interested in the Commission's work, because for some unfathomable reason the original reports have never been published by the government and are not available even to members of Congress except in scarce mimeographed copies. This may be one of the results of Coolidge's "economy."

The Miner's Freedom by Carter Goodrich presents a first-hand study of the miner's job, his conception of his rights, the effect of new technical processes on his way of life, and the problem arising. It is "institutional economics" at its best, since it ignores traditional ways of accounting for an economic situation, and looks straight at the situation itself to see just why persons think and act as they do. One chapter of this book, in modified form, has been published in the New Republic.

Organized Labor and the Law is a brief, objective study of the legal status of unionism in the United States, with as much reference to the English precedents as is necessitated by the subject. In a realm where so much confusion exists it is well to have a concise statement of the matter from a legal point of view. The book contains no sociological background and advocates no program. One sympathetic with the growth of unionism and understanding the realities of industrial relations cannot come from it, however, without a feeling that the American judicial doctrines concerning labor are, on the whole, hopelessly antiquated.

Professor Blum has in Labor Economics written a textbook in the worthy tradition of Commons, Seager and others, but devoting more space to recent developments and more to economic theory than do most texts on trade unionism. It is clear, adequate and useful to those who want to assign so many pages per day in a standard course in the subject. How much students with no background of experience can get out of any book in this tradition is another matter.

American Economic Life is in many respects the most striking book of the lot. It grew out of the attempt to present to Columbia Freshmen a course on contemporary civilization, and is, in that sense, a textbook. But it is less a textbook than most treatises written for college consumption, and is in fact hardly recognizable as economics by those who expect discussions of margins and entrepreneurs. Without making any assumption as to human incentives, or setting up any "economic man" as a basis for deduction, it describes the economic activities and organizations actually visible in the workaday world, contains the best estimates concerning the national income, its distribution, real wages, etc., and on the whole presents fairly extensively, concretely and entertainingly the sort of material out of which curiosity as to useful theory may grow.

GEORGE SOULE.

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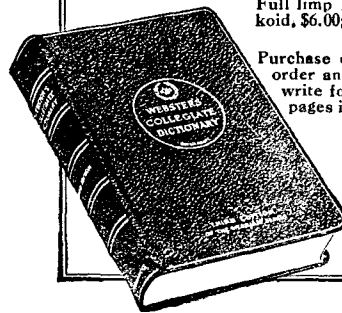
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